THE

BAY STATE GLEE BOOK;

A COLLECTION OF

GLEES AND FOUR PART SONGS,

COMPILED AND ADAPTED TO ENGLISH WORDS.

By A. N. JOHNSON & J. C. JOHNSON.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY A. N. JOHNSON, 86 TREMONT STREET.
WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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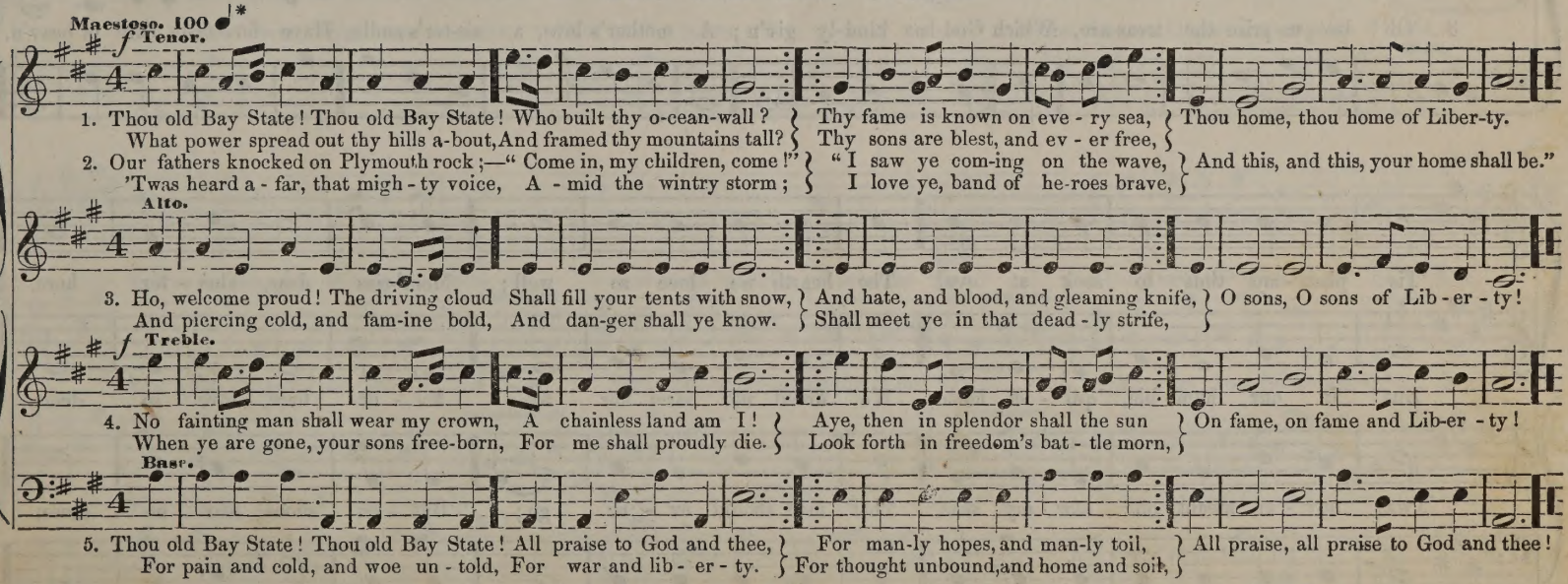
THE

BAY STATE GLEE BOOK.

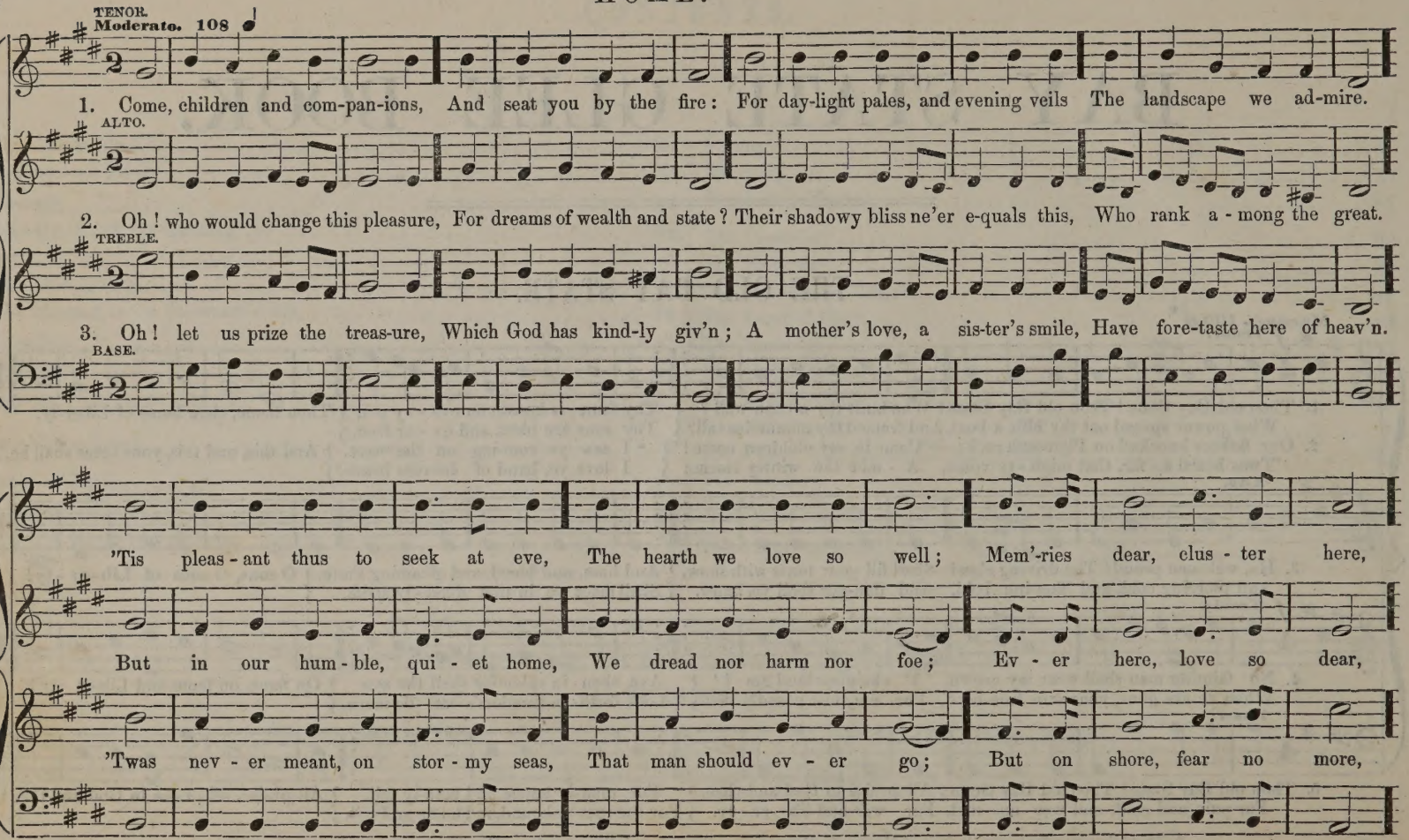
THE OLD BAY STATE.

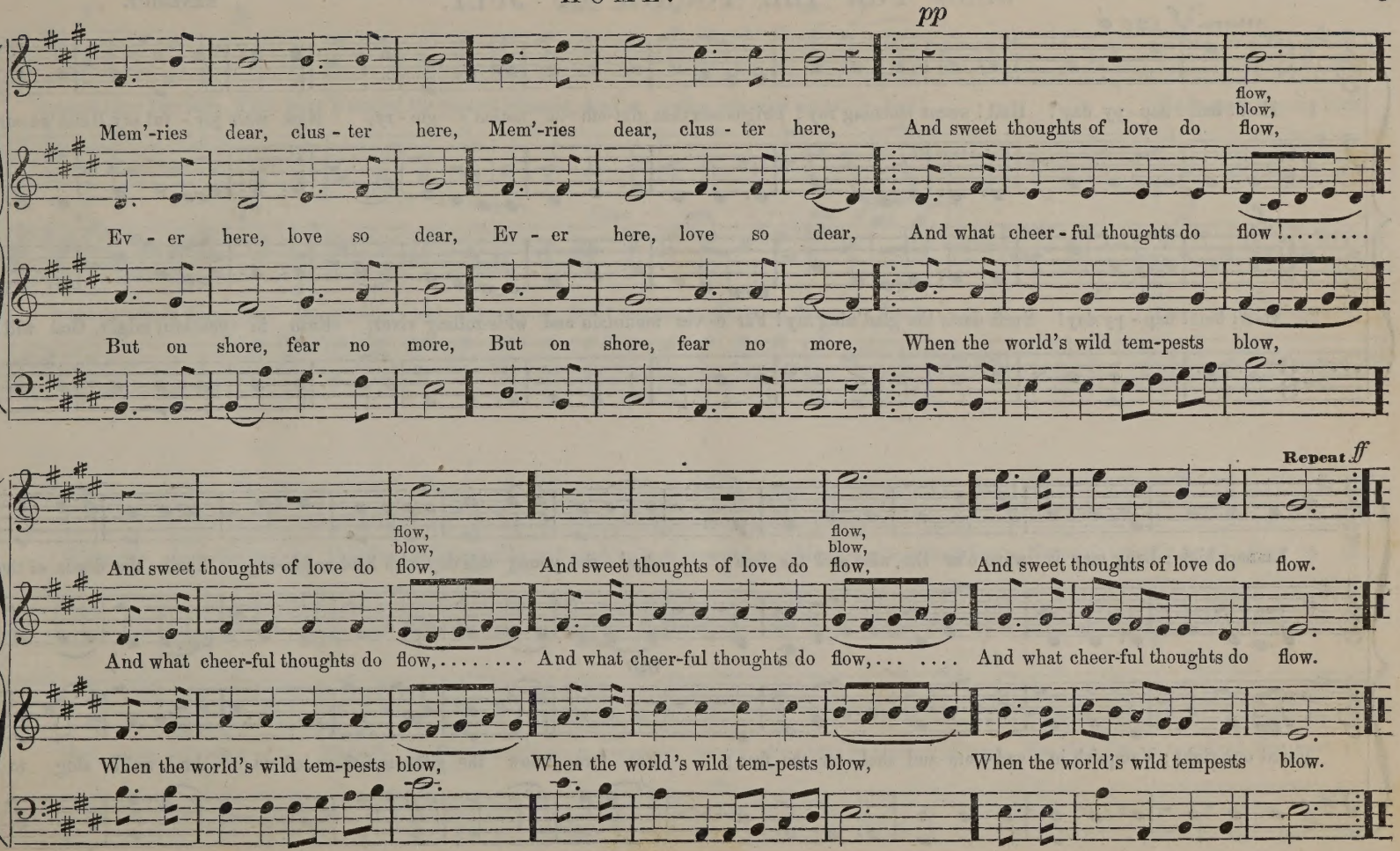


* These figures refer to the degrees of Maelzeel's Metronome. For a description of a cheap Metronome, see last page of the cover

H 1809

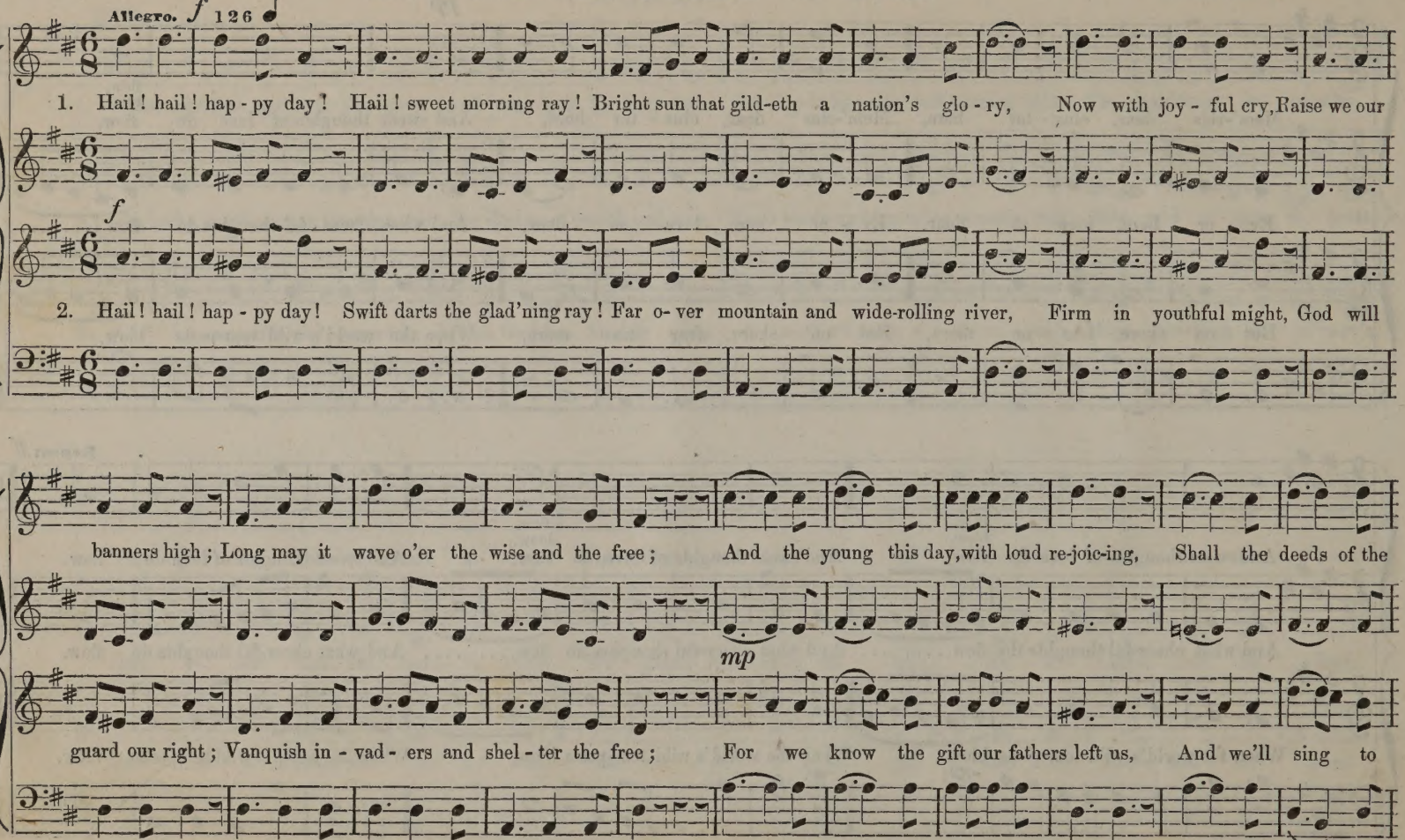
HOME.

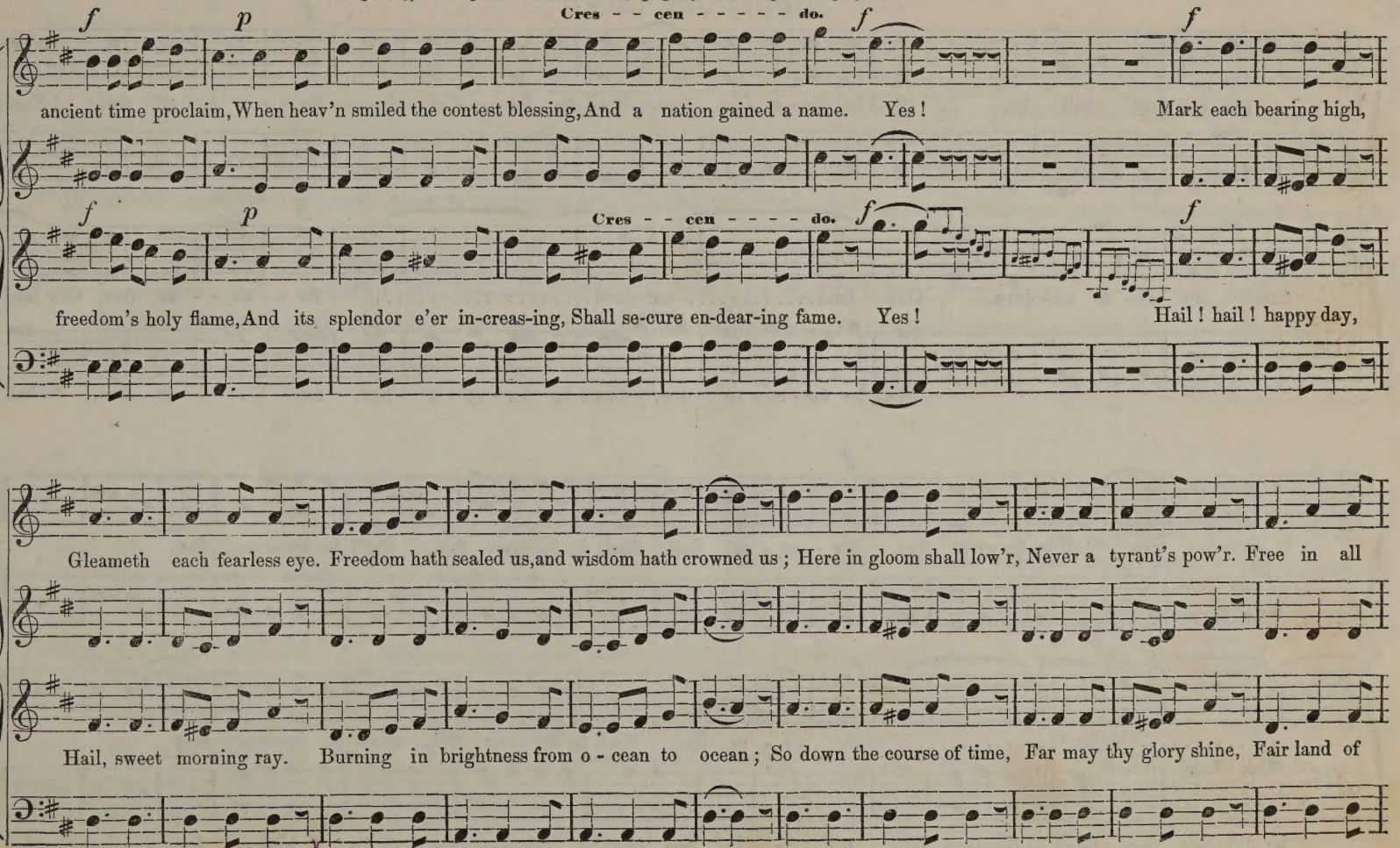

TENOR.
Moderato. 108
1. Come, children and com-pan-ions, And seat you by the fire: For day-light pales, and evening veils The landscape we ad-mire.
ALTO.
2. Oh! who would change this pleasure, For dreams of wealth and state? Their shadowy bliss ne'er e-quals this, Who rank a-mong the great.
TREBLE.
3. Oh! let us prize the treas-ure, Which God has kind-ly giv'n; A mother's love, a sis-ter's smile, Have fore-taste here of heav'n.
BASE.
'Tis pleas-ant thus to seek at eve, The hearth we love so well; Mem'-ries dear, clus-ter here,
But in our hum-ble, qui-et home, We dread nor harm nor foe; Ev-er here, love so dear,
'Twas nev-er meant, on stor-my seas, That man should ev-er go; But on shore, fear no more,


pp
flow, blow,
Mem'-ries dear, clus - ter here, Mem'-ries dear, clus - ter here, And sweet thoughts of love do flow,
Ev - er here, love so dear, Ev - er here, love so dear, And what cheer - ful thoughts do flow!.....
But on shore, fear no more, But on shore, fear no more, When the world's wild tem-pests blow,
Repeat ff
flow, blow,
flow, blow,
And sweet thoughts of love do flow, And sweet thoughts of love do flow, And sweet thoughts of love do flow.
And what cheer-ful thoughts do flow,..... And what cheer-ful thoughts do flow,... .... And what cheer-ful thoughts do flow.
When the world's wild tem-pests blow, When the world's wild tem-pests blow, When the world's wild tempests blow.

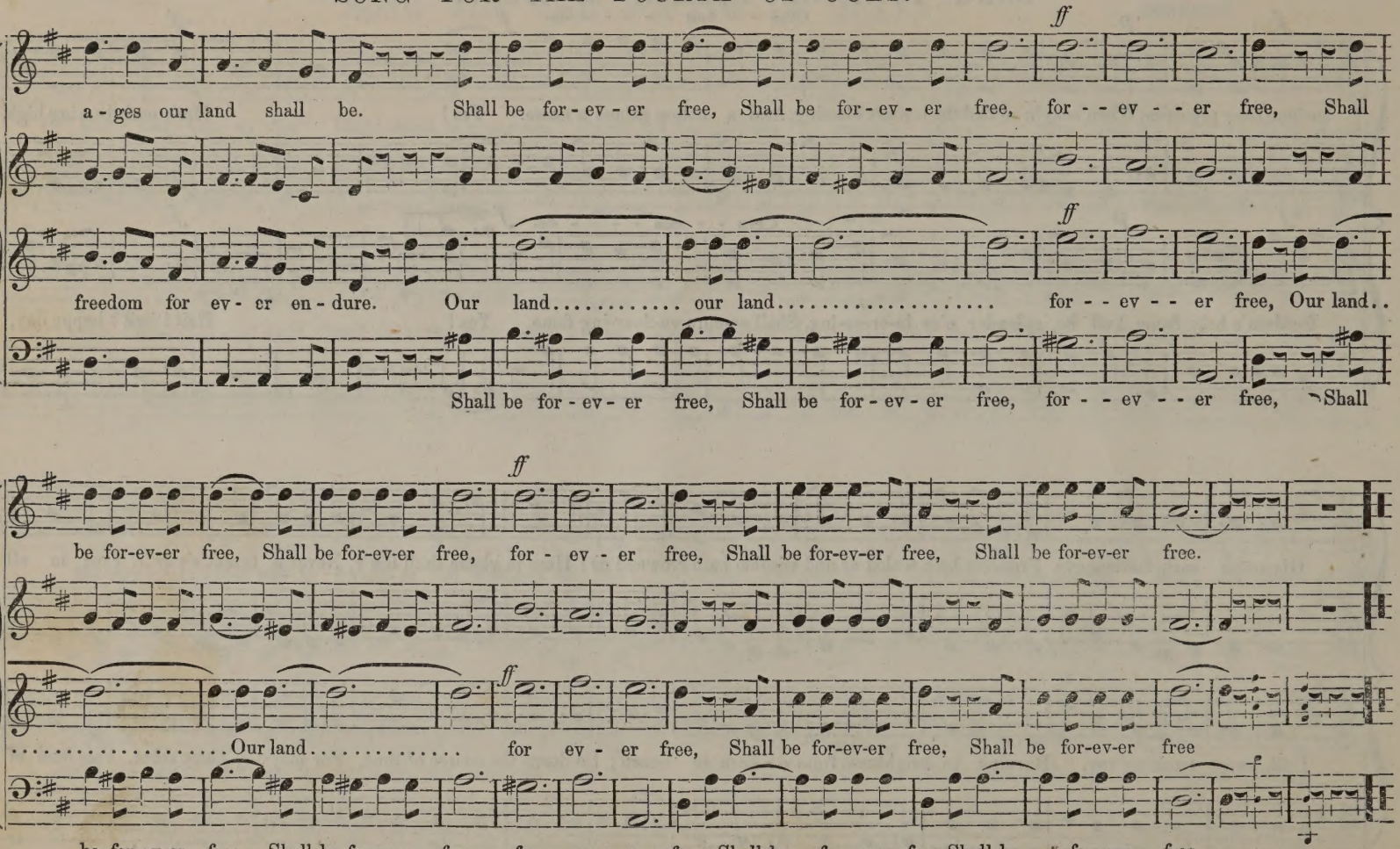
SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

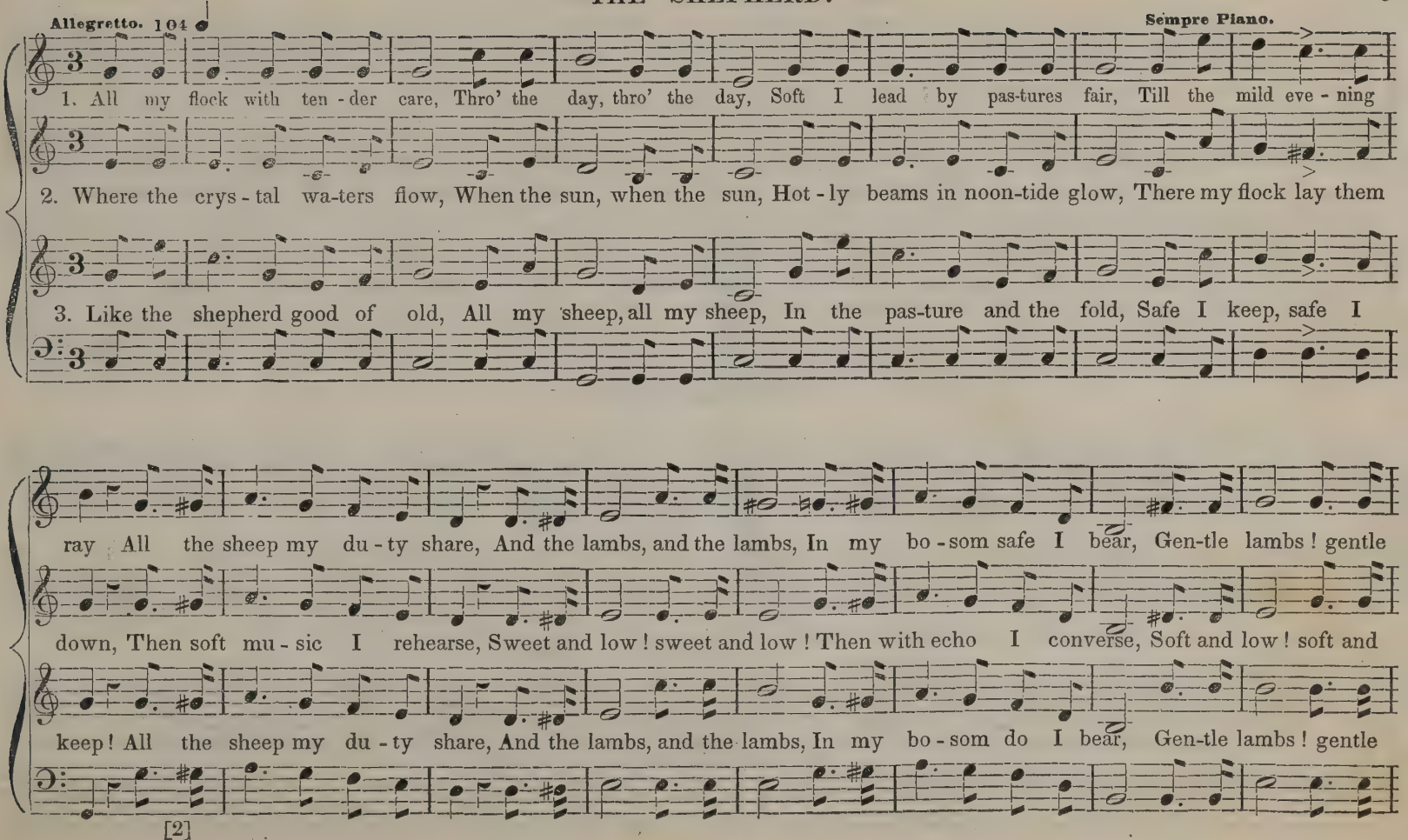
BENEDICT.




f p Cres - - cen - - - - - do. f f
ancient time proclaim, When heav'n smiled the contest blessing, And a nation gained a name. Yes! Mark each bearing high,
f p Cres - - cen - - - - do. f f
freedom's holy flame, And its splendor e'er in-creas-ing, Shall se-cure en-dear-ing fame. Yes! Hail! hail! happy day,
Gleameth each fearless eye. Freedom hath sealed us, and wisdom hath crowned us; Here in gloom shall low'r, Never a tyrant's pow'r. Free in all
Hail, sweet morning ray. Burning in brightness from o - cean to ocean; So down the course of time, Far may thy glory shine, Fair land of

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. Concluded.




Allegretto. 104
Sempre Piano.
1. All my flock with ten - der care, Thro' the day, thro' the day, Soft I lead by pas-tures fair, Till the mild eve - ning
2. Where the crys - tal wa-ters flow, When the sun, when the sun, Hot - ly beams in noon-tide glow, There my flock lay them
3. Like the shepherd good of old, All my sheep, all my sheep, In the pas-ture and the fold, Safe I keep, safe I
ray All the sheep my du - ty share, And the lambs, and the lambs, In my bo - som safe I bear, Gen-tle lambs ! gentle
down, Then soft mu - sic I rehearse, Sweet and low ! sweet and low ! Then with echo I converse, Soft and low ! soft and
keep ! All the sheep my du - ty share, And the lambs, and the lambs, In my bo - som do I bear, Gen-tle lambs ! gentle

lambs ! Thus my flock with tender care, Thro' the day, thro' the day, Soft I lead in pastures fair, Till the mild evening ray.

low ! Thus my flock with tender care, Thro' the day, thro' the day, Soft I lead in pastures fair, Till the mild evening ray.

lambs ! Thus my flock with tender care, Thro' the day, thro' the day, Soft I lead in pastures fair, Till the mild evening ray.

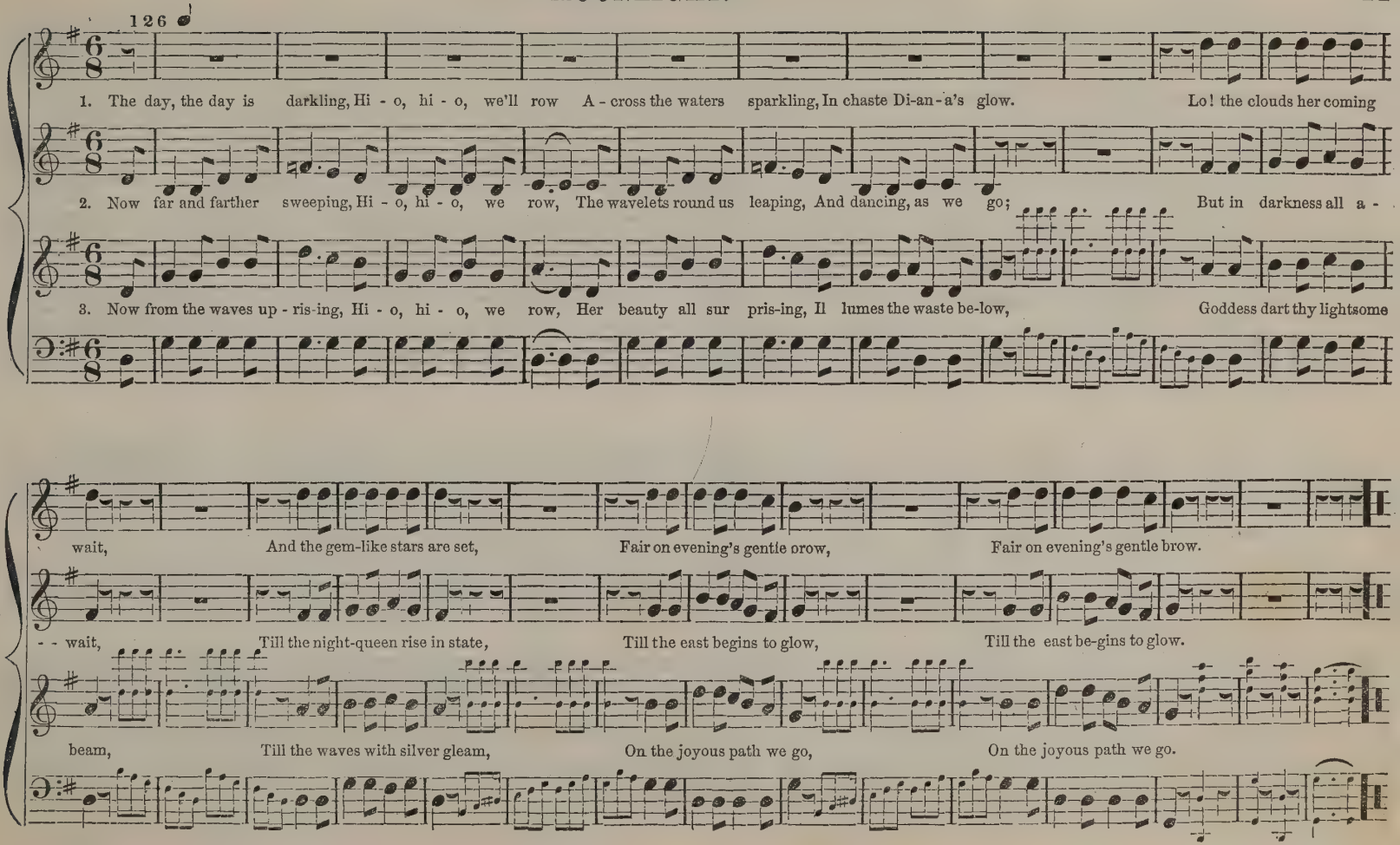
MOORLANDS.

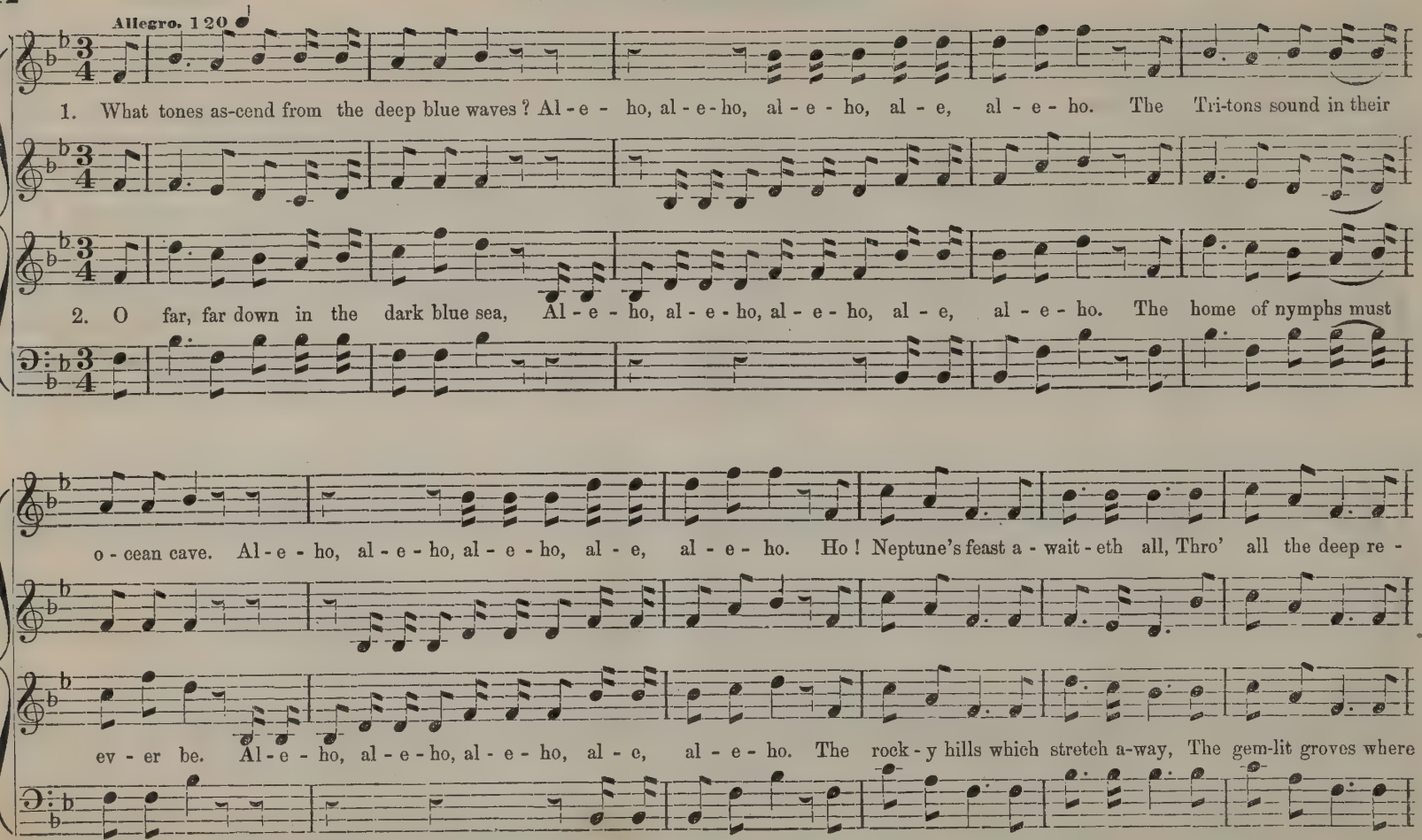
Allegro. 120

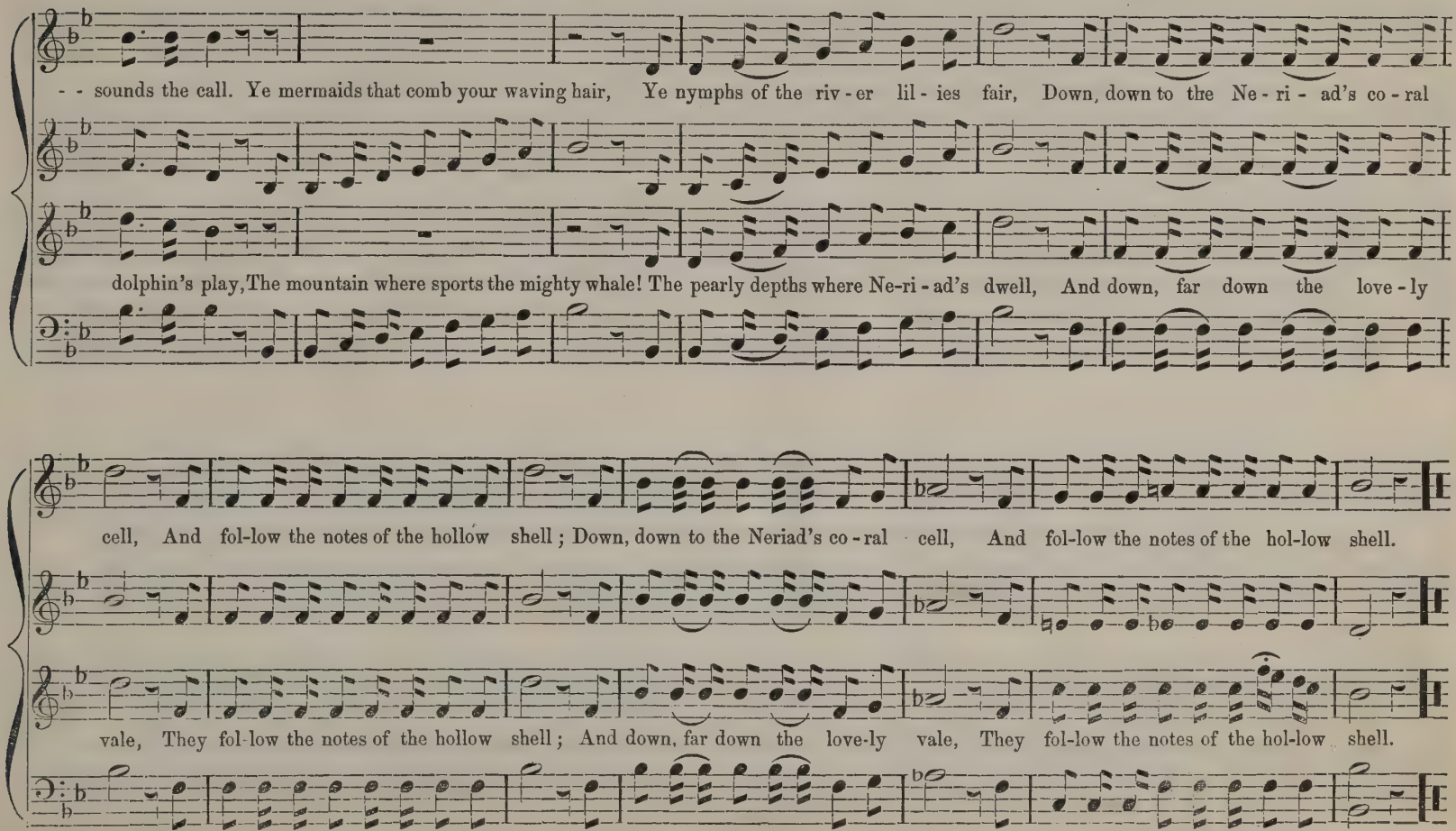
1. I'm com-in from the Highlands, From out the darksome dell. { I'm go-in to the Lowlands, / I'm go-in to the Moorlands, } Among the heath-er bells, The bonnie heather bells.

2. I'm go - in to the Moorlands, Where wee flowers laugh for glee, { For how can I be glee - ful, / Amid these cliffs so fear-ful, } 'Tis aye too stern for me, 'Tis aye too stern for me.

3. Oh, on the sun-ny Moorlands, I'll watch the insect gay, { The canny birds ne'er fear me, / But with their music cheer me, } Thro' all the lightsome day, Thro' all the lightsome day.

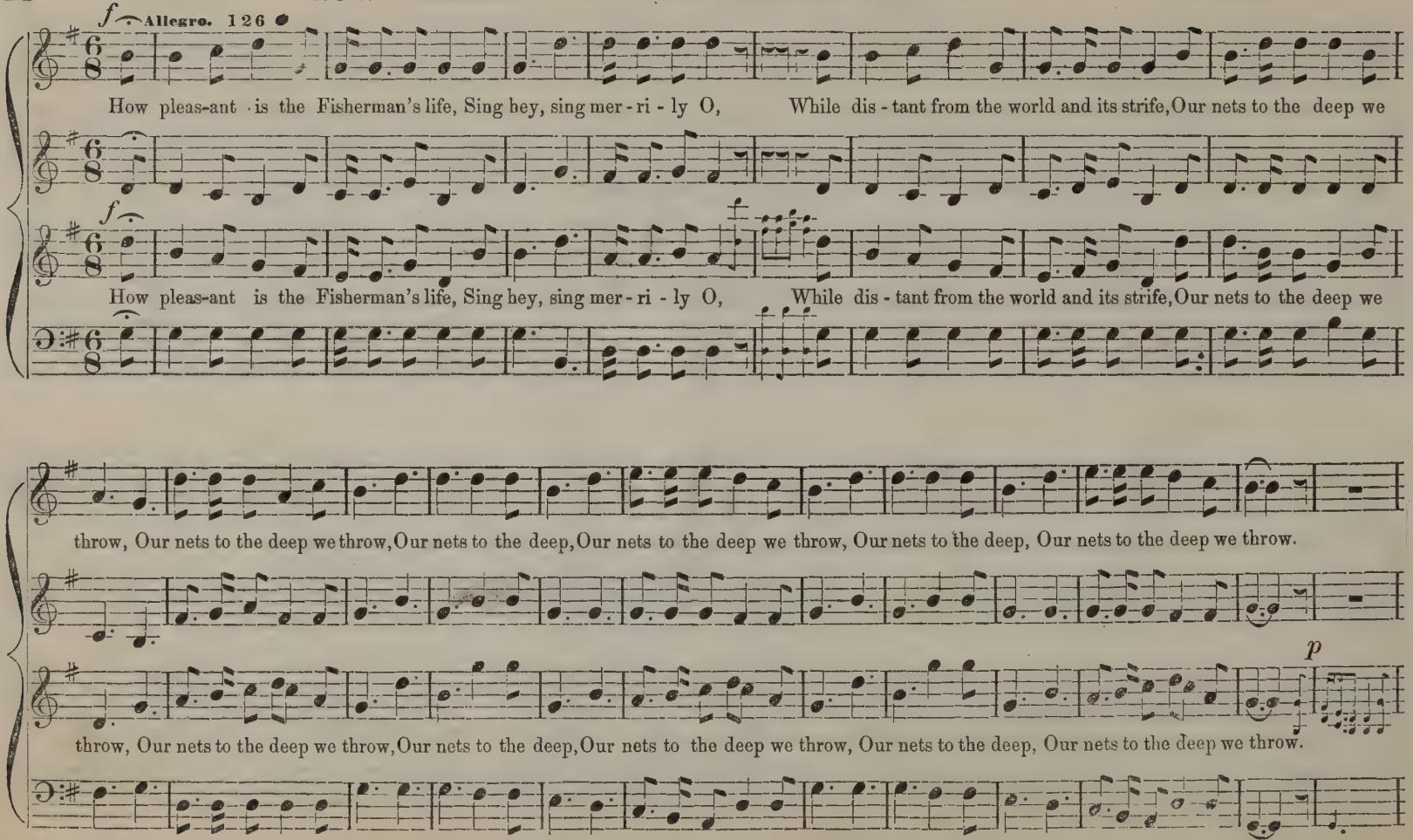

126
1. The day, the day is darkling, Hi - o, hi - o, we'll row A - cross the waters sparkling, In chaste Di-an-a's glow. Lo! the clouds her coming
2. Now far and farther sweeping, Hi - o, hi - o, we row, The wavelets round us leaping, And dancing, as we go; But in darkness all a -
3. Now from the waves up - ris-ing, Hi - o, hi - o, we row, Her beauty all sur pris-ing, Il lumes the waste be-low, Goddess dart thy lightsome
wait, And the gem-like stars are set, Fair on evening's gentle orow, Fair on evening's gentle brow.
- - wait, Till the night-queen rise in state, Till the east begins to glow, Till the east be-gins to glow.
beam, Till the waves with silver gleam, On the joyous path we go, On the joyous path we go.

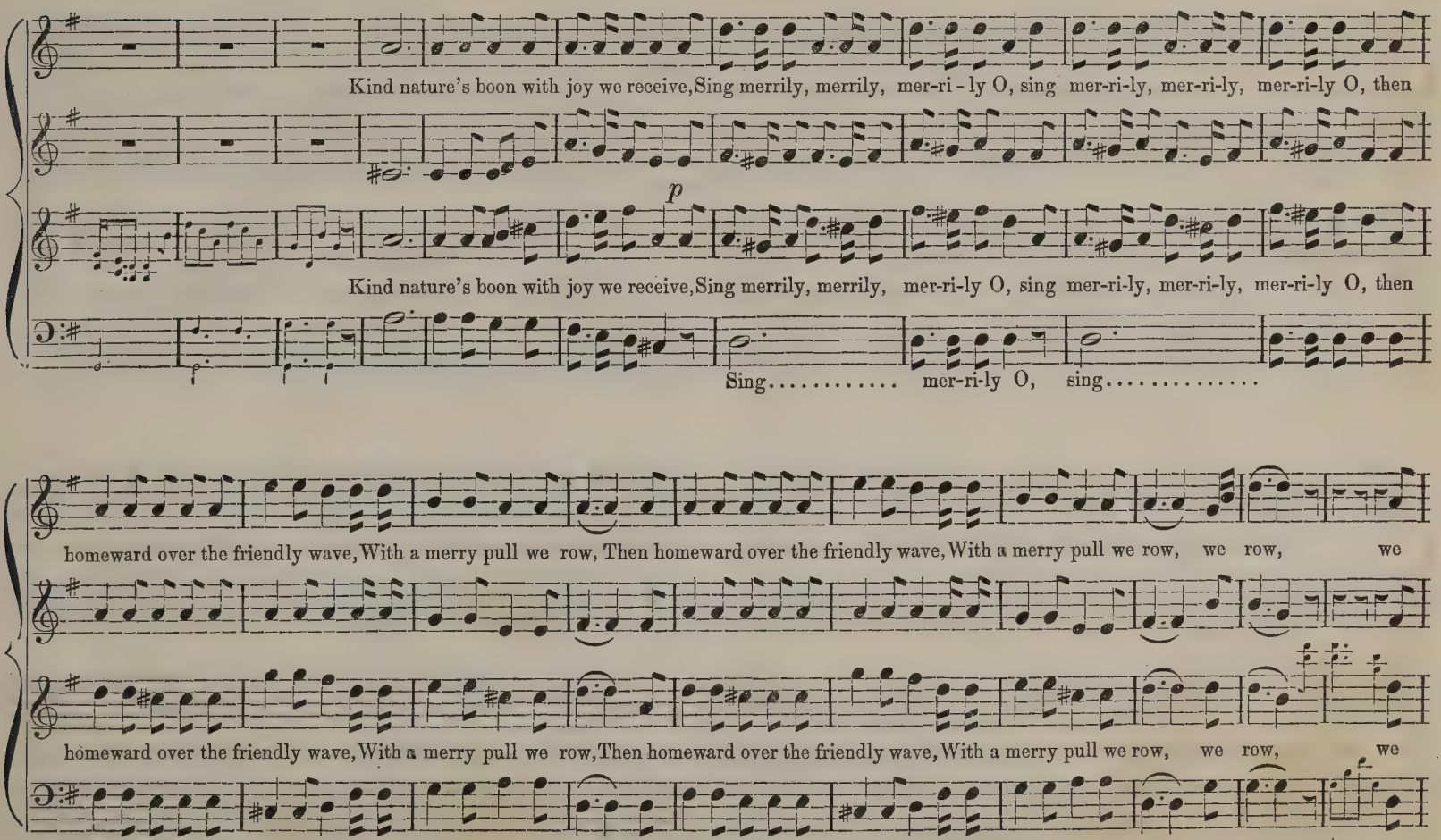

Allegro. 120
1. What tones as-cend from the deep blue waves? Al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e, al-e-ho. The Tri-tons sound in their
2. O far, far down in the dark blue sea, Al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e, al-e-ho. The home of nymphs must
o-cean cave. Al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e, al-e-ho. Ho! Neptune's feast a-wait-eth all, Thro' all the deep re-
ev-er be. Al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e-ho, al-e, al-e-ho. The rock-y hills which stretch a-way, The gem-lit groves where


- - sounds the call. Ye mermaids that comb your waving hair, Ye nymphs of the riv - er lil - ies fair, Down, down to the Ne - ri - ad's co - ral
dolphin's play, The mountain where sports the mighty whale! The pearly depths where Ne-ri - ad's dwell, And down, far down the love - ly
cell, And fol-low the notes of the hollow shell; Down, down to the Neriad's co - ral cell, And fol-low the notes of the hol-low shell.
vale, They fol-low the notes of the hollow shell; And down, far down the love-ly vale, They fol-low the notes of the hol-low shell.

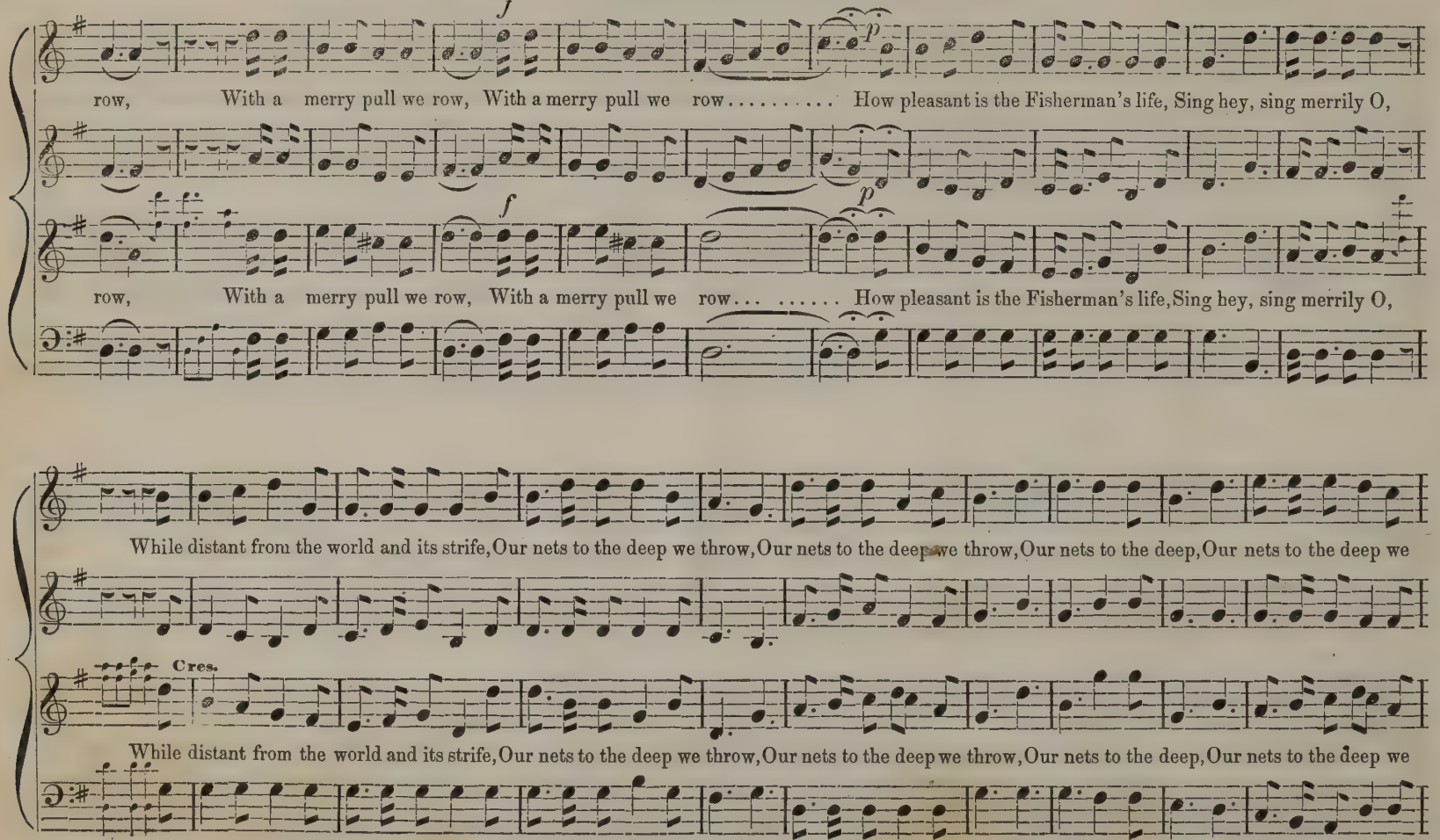
HOW PLEASANT IS THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE.

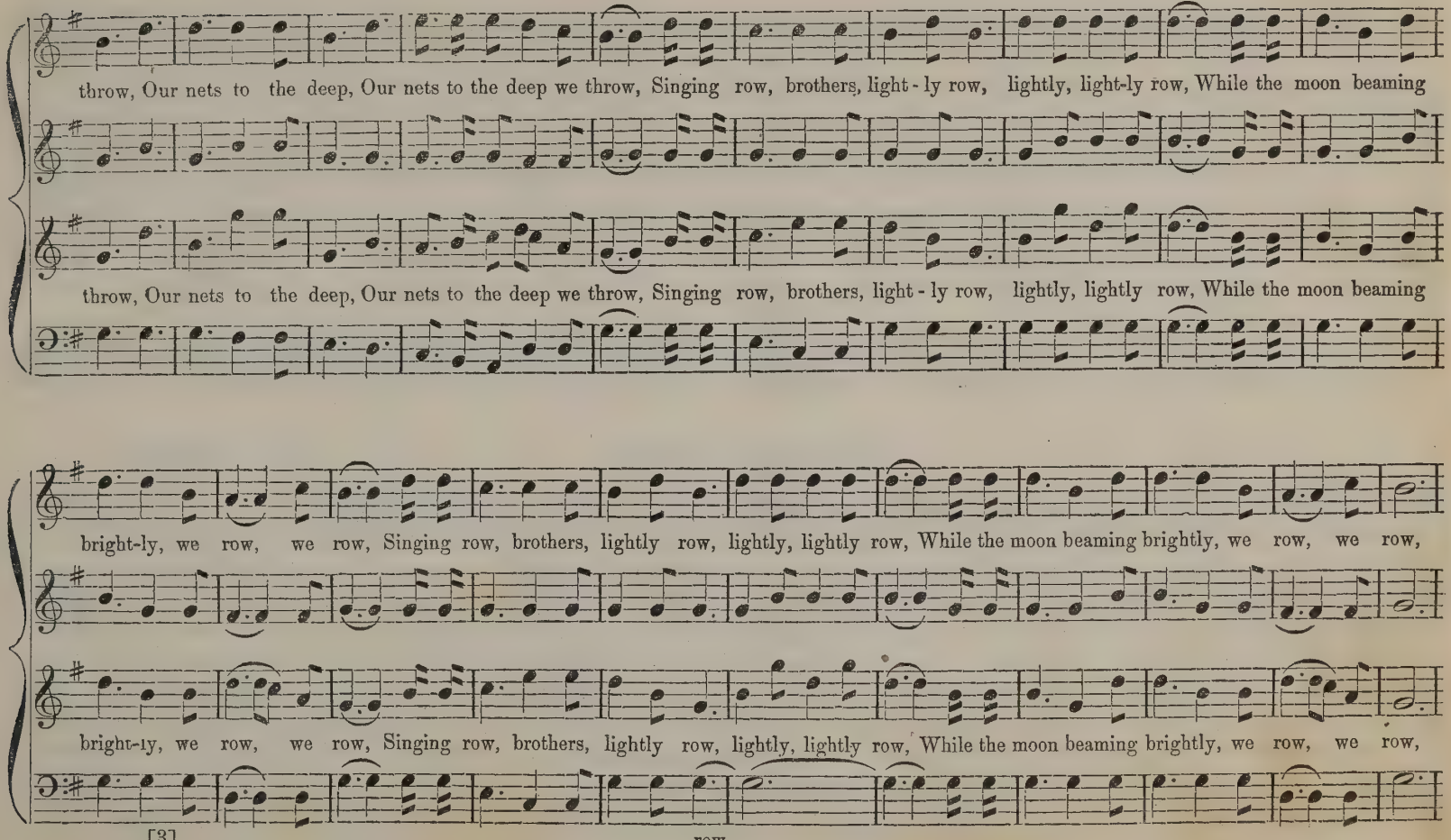
STEVENSON.



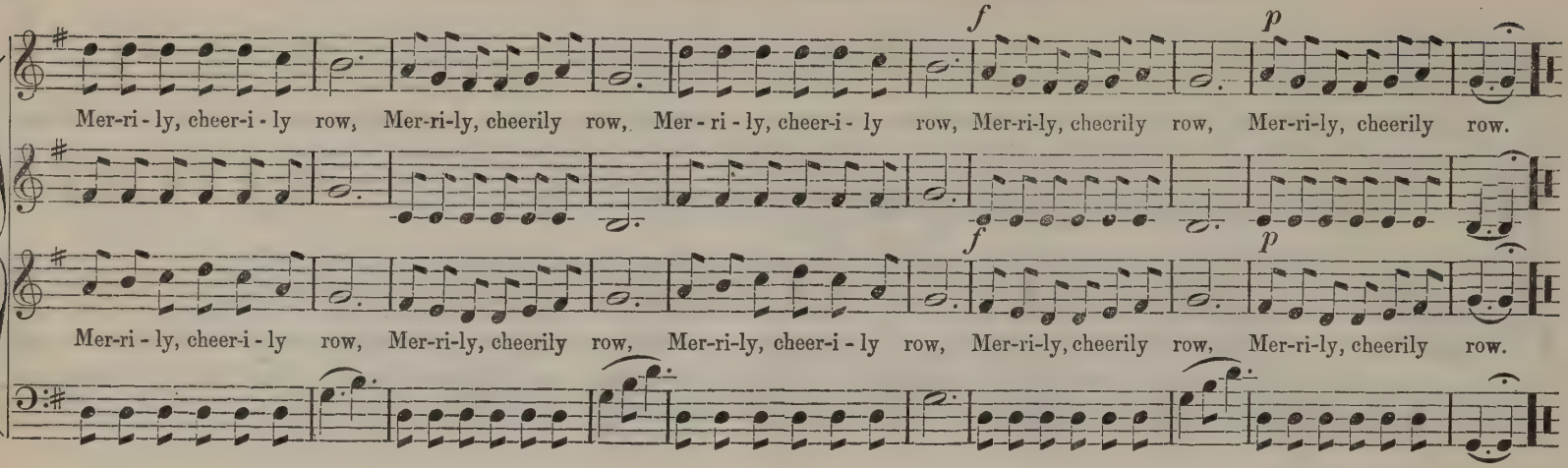

Kind nature's boon with joy we receive, Sing merrily, merrily, mer-ri-ly O, sing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly O, then
p
Kind nature's boon with joy we receive, Sing merrily, merrily, mer-ri-ly O, sing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly O, then
Sing..... mer-ri-ly O, sing.....
homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, Then homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, we row, we
homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, Then homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, we row, we

HOW PLEASANT IS THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE. Continued.



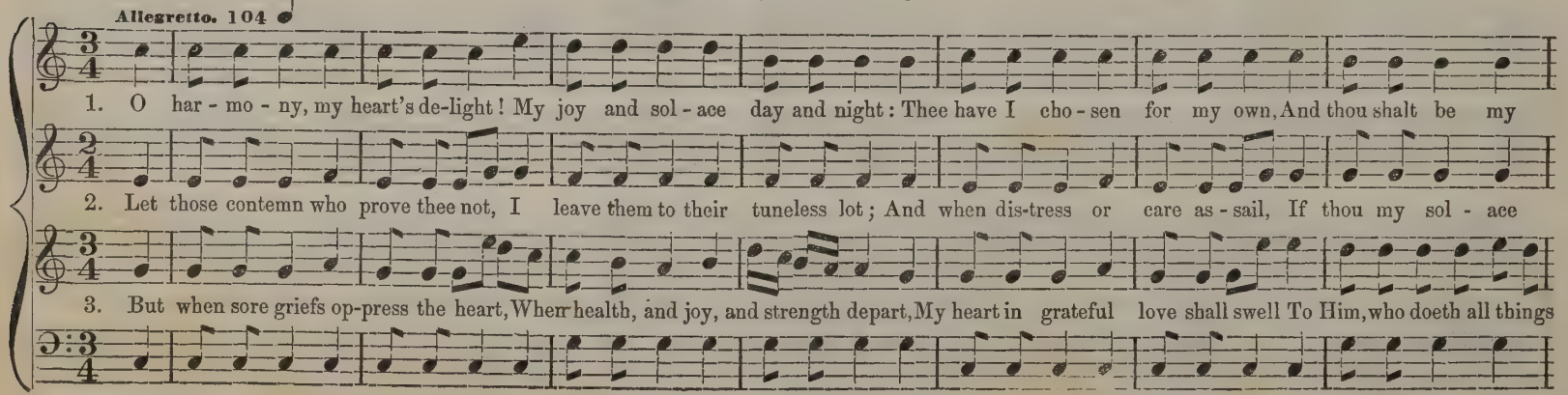

throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we throw, Singing row, brothers, light-ly row, lightly, light-ly row, While the moon beaming
throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we throw, Singing row, brothers, light-ly row, lightly, lightly row, While the moon beaming
bright-ly, we row, we row, Singing row, brothers, lightly row, lightly, lightly row, While the moon beaming brightly, we row, we row,
bright-ly, we row, we row, Singing row, brothers, lightly row, lightly, lightly row, While the moon beaming brightly, we row, we row,
[3]
row.....

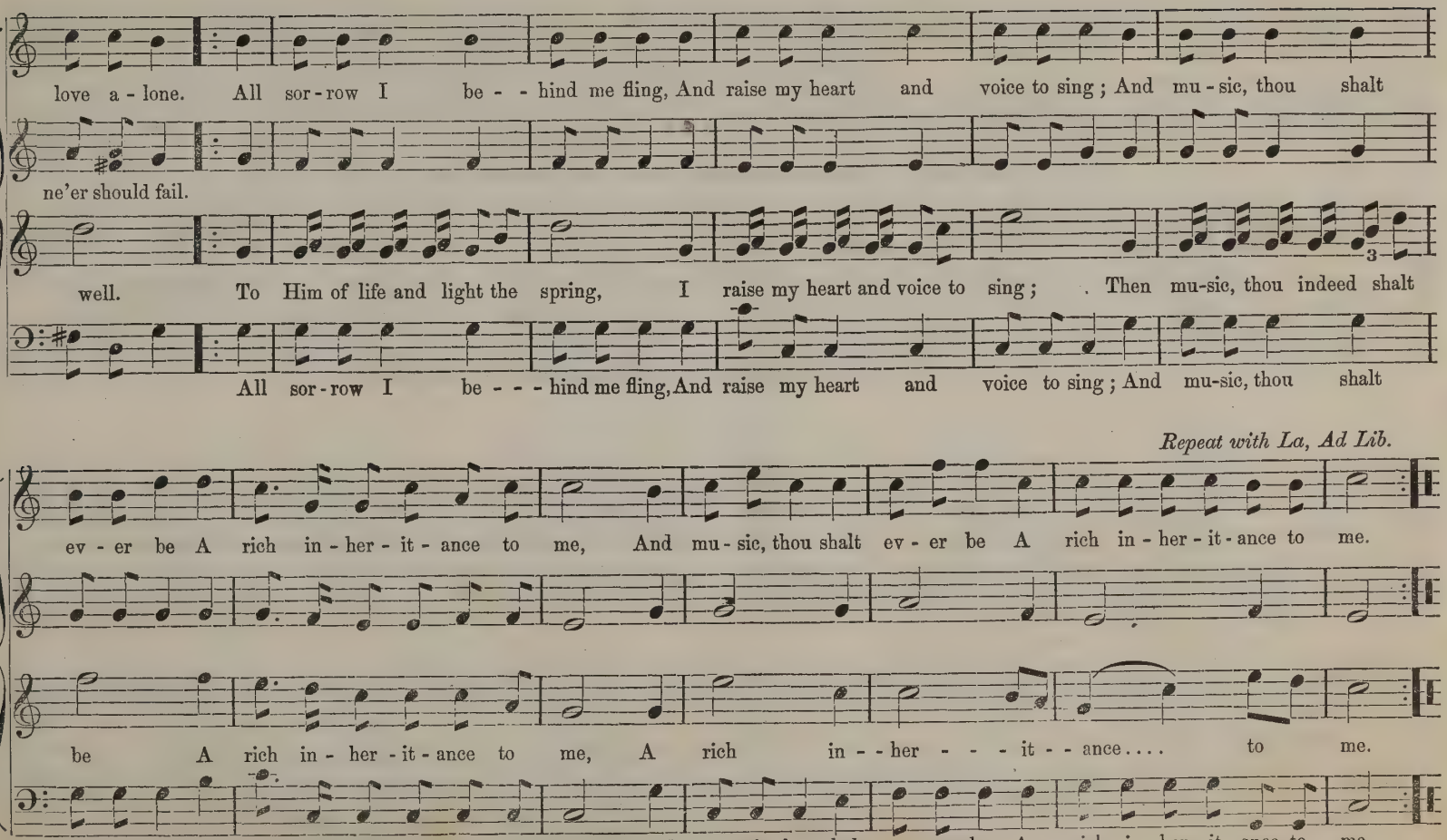
HOW PLEASANT IS THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE. Concluded.

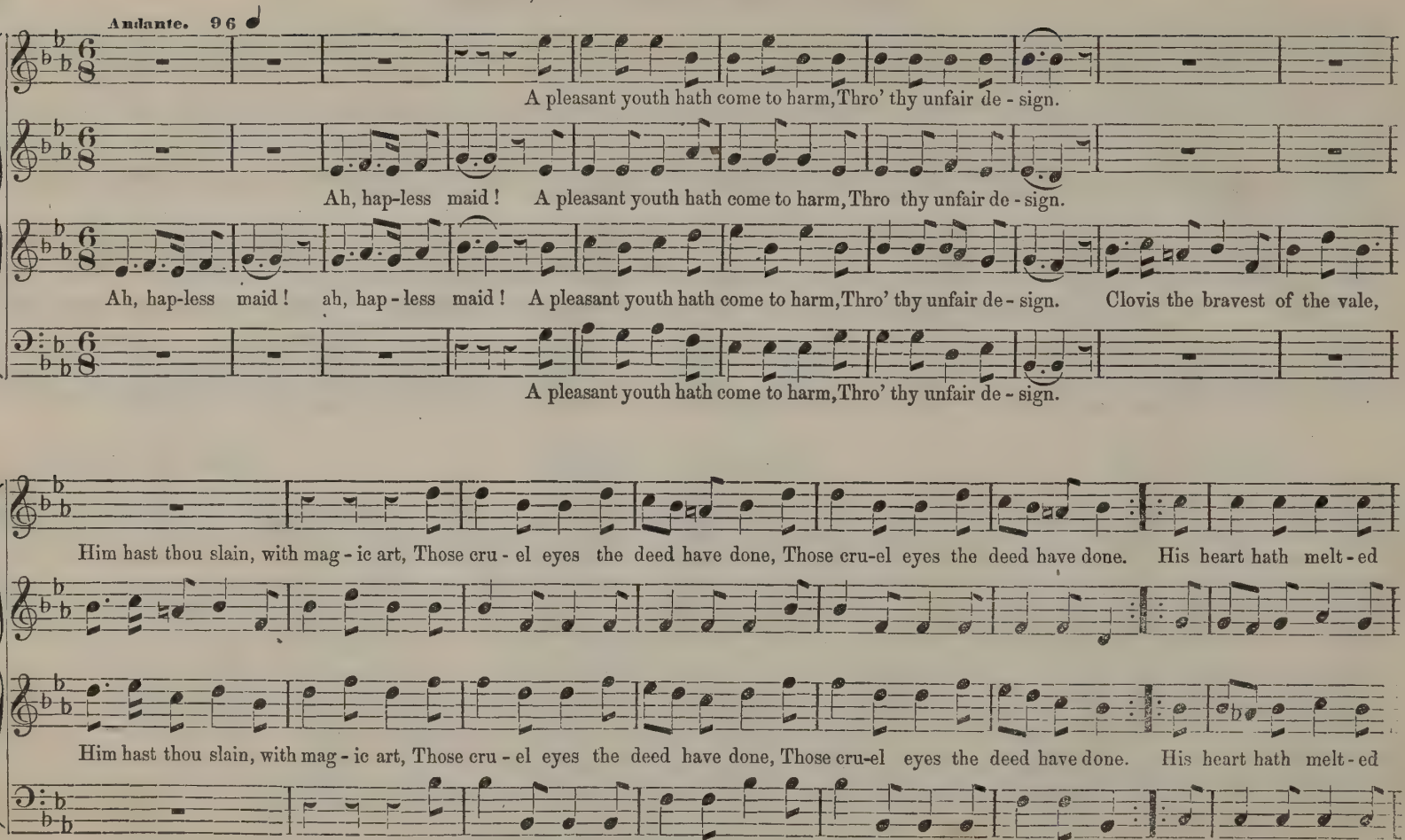


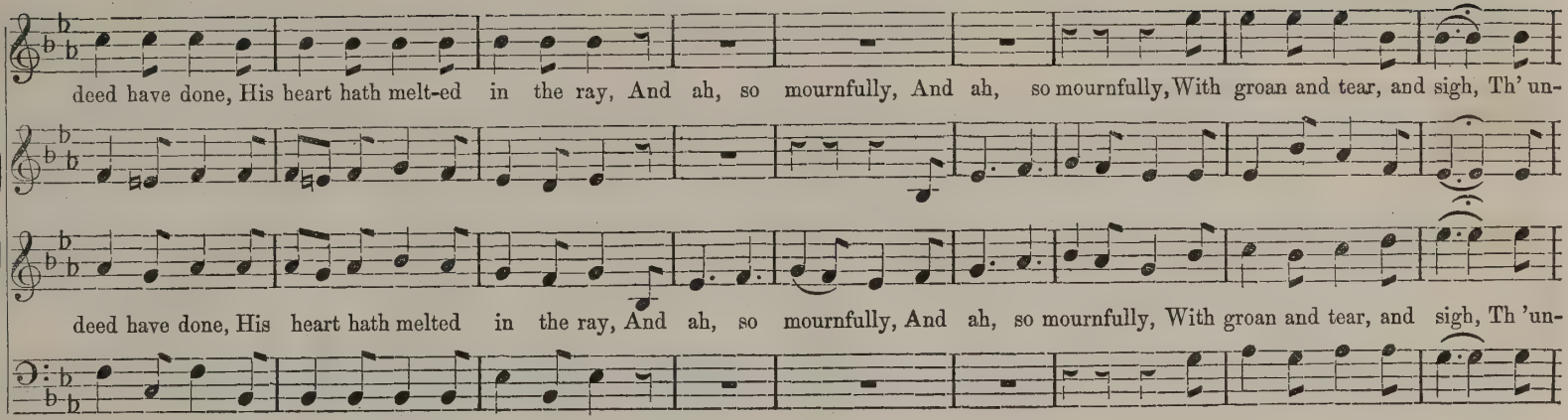
PRAISE OF MUSIC.

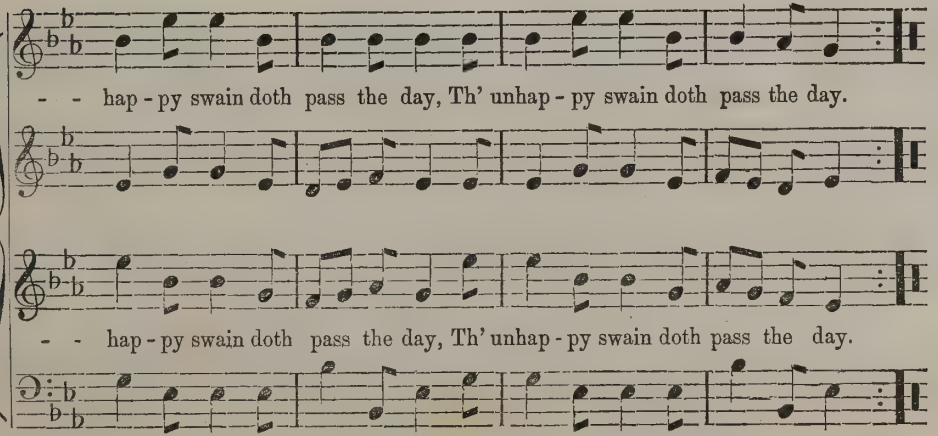
WM. B. BRADBURY.




love a - lone. All sor - row I be - - hind me fling, And raise my heart and voice to sing ; And mu - sic, thou shalt
ne'er should fail.
well. To Him of life and light the spring, I raise my heart and voice to sing ; . Then mu-sic, thou indeed shalt
All sor - row I be - - - hind me fling, And raise my heart and voice to sing ; And mu-sic, thou shalt
Repeat with La, Ad Lib.
ev - er be A rich in - her - it - ance to me, And mu - sic, thou shalt ev - er be A rich in - her - it - ance to me.
be A rich in - her - it - ance to me, A rich in - - her - - - it - - ance.... to me.
ev - er be A rich in - her - it - ance to me, And mu - sic thou shalt ev - er be A rich in - her - it - ance to me.


Andante. 96
A pleasant youth hath come to harm, Thro' thy unfair de - sign.
Ah, hap-less maid! A pleasant youth hath come to harm, Thro thy unfair de - sign.
Ah, hap-less maid! ah, hap - less maid! A pleasant youth hath come to harm, Thro' thy unfair de - sign. Clovis the bravest of the vale,
A pleasant youth hath come to harm, Thro' thy unfair de - sign.
Him hast thou slain, with mag - ic art, Those cru - el eyes the deed have done, Those cru-el eyes the deed have done. His heart hath melt - ed
Him hast thou slain, with mag - ic art, Those cru - el eyes the deed have done, Those cru-el eyes the deed have done. His heart hath melt - ed
Those cru - el eyes the deed have done, Those cruel eyes the deed have done.



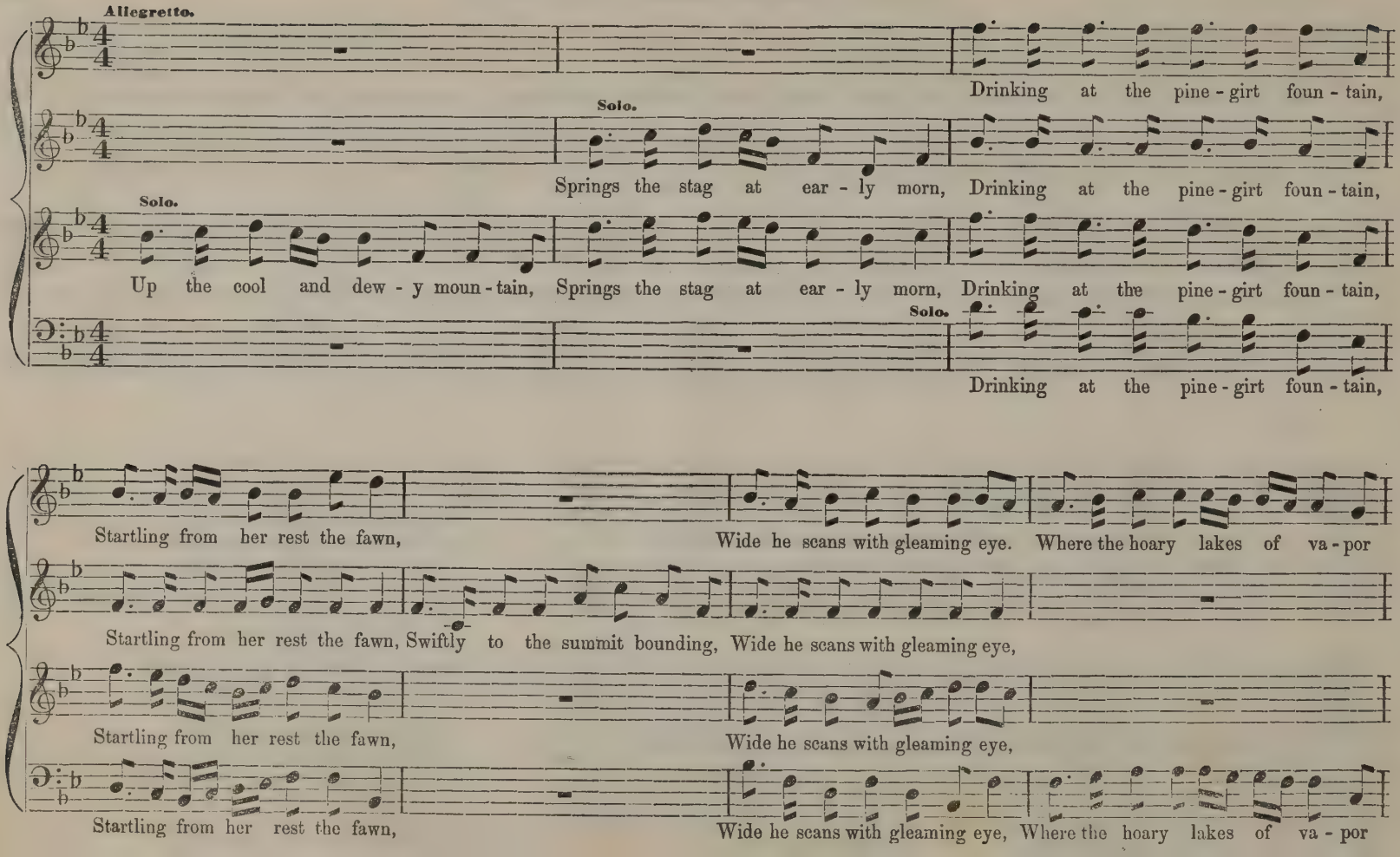


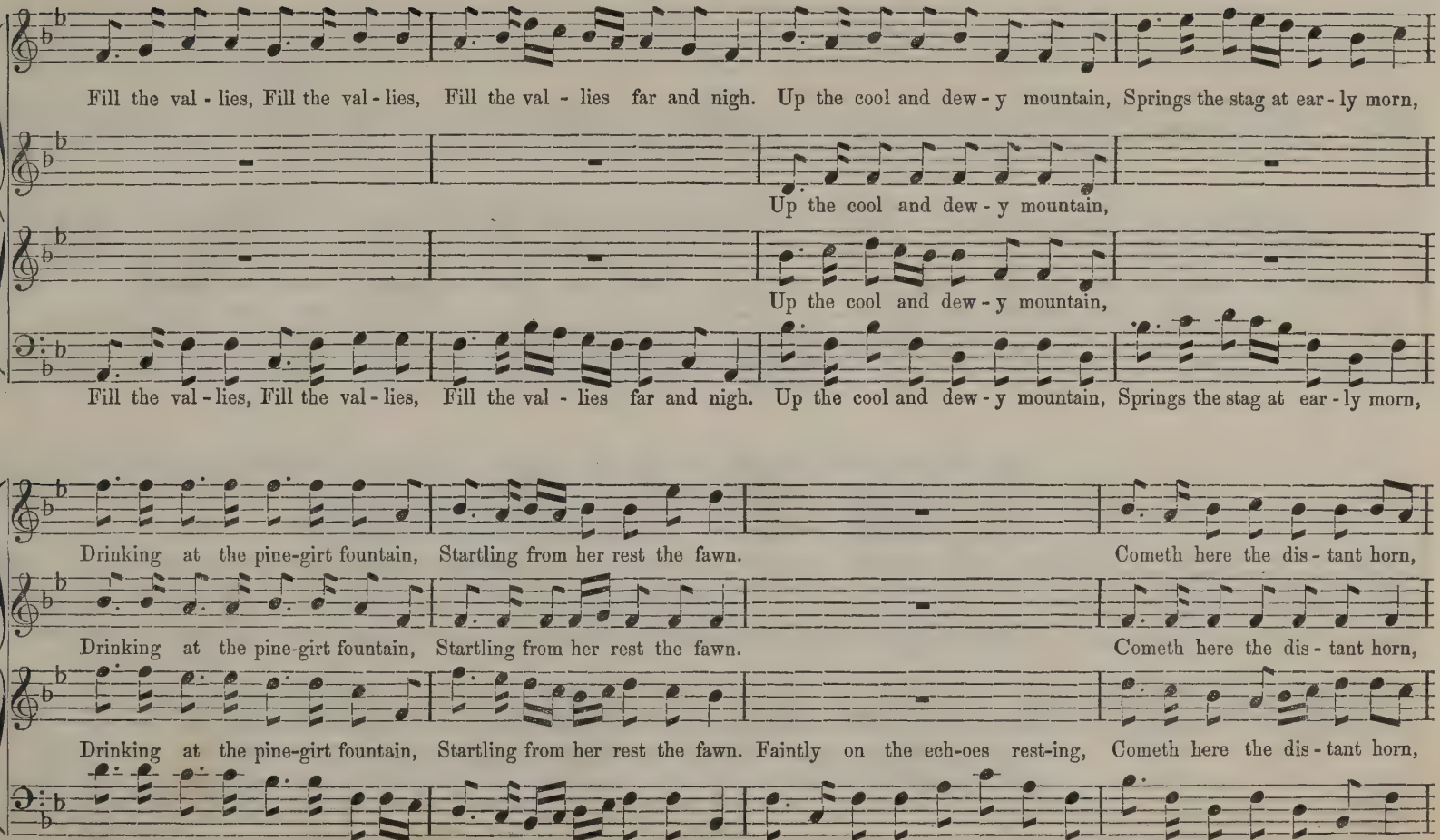
2 Ah, hapless maid! ah, hapless maid!
To roam within thy heart of steel,
To roam remorseful sigh?
Foremost was he in sylvan fray,
And 'mid the dance, who light as he?
Now by the brook-side, all alone,
He wanders forth at set of sun,
And ah, so tremblingly! and ah, so tremblingly,
He names a maiden dear,—
A maid hath he in mortal fear!

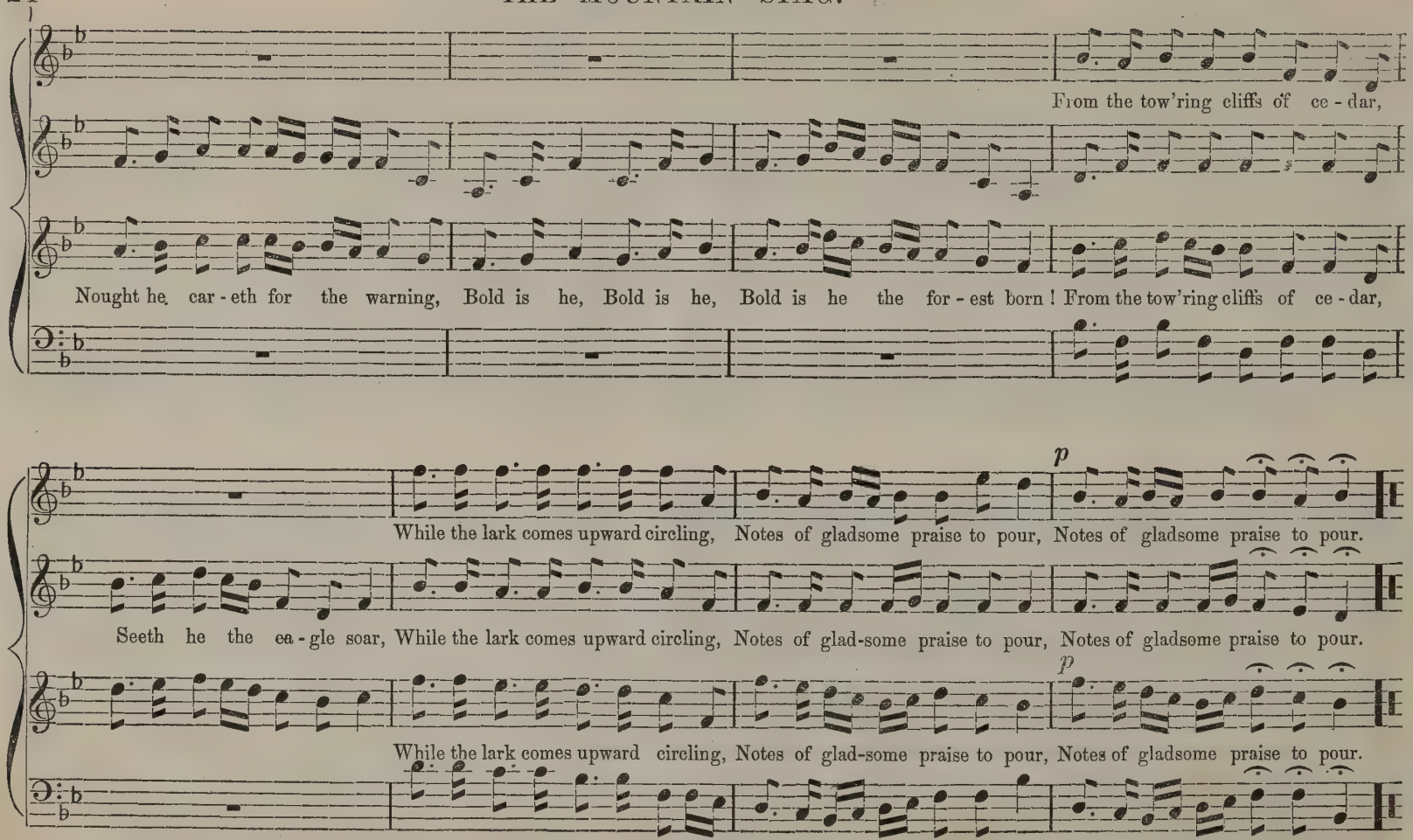
3 Seize ye the maid! seize ye the maid!
And bind her with a silken cord,
And with a golden ring!
Penance severe thou shalt endure,
And lose for aye, sweet liberty!
Whereas young Clovis lost his heart,
Him shalt thou serve, and heal the smart,
Him shalt thou cherish,
And love him evermore,
And this, poor maid, thy doom shall be.

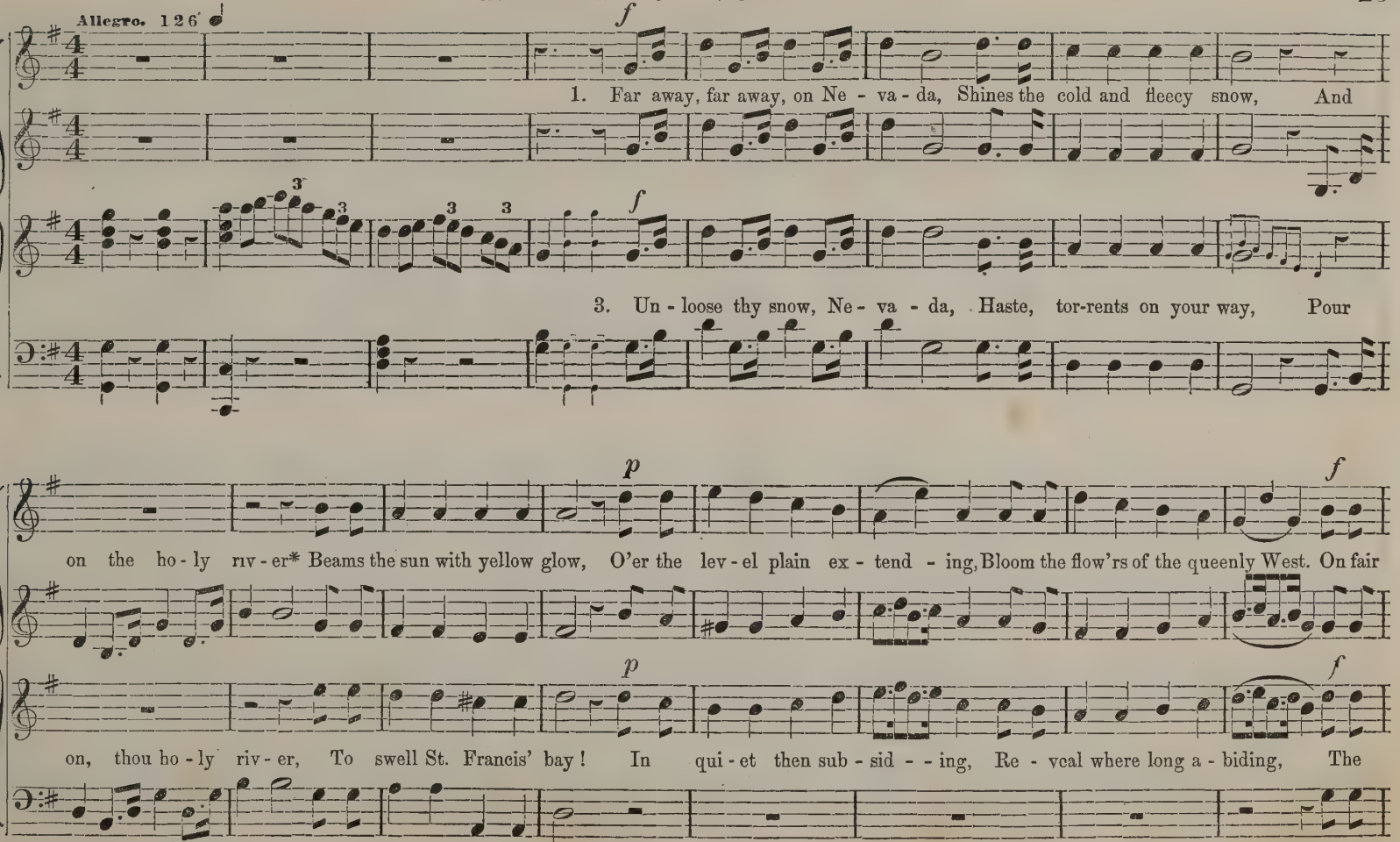
THE MOUNTAIN STAG.

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

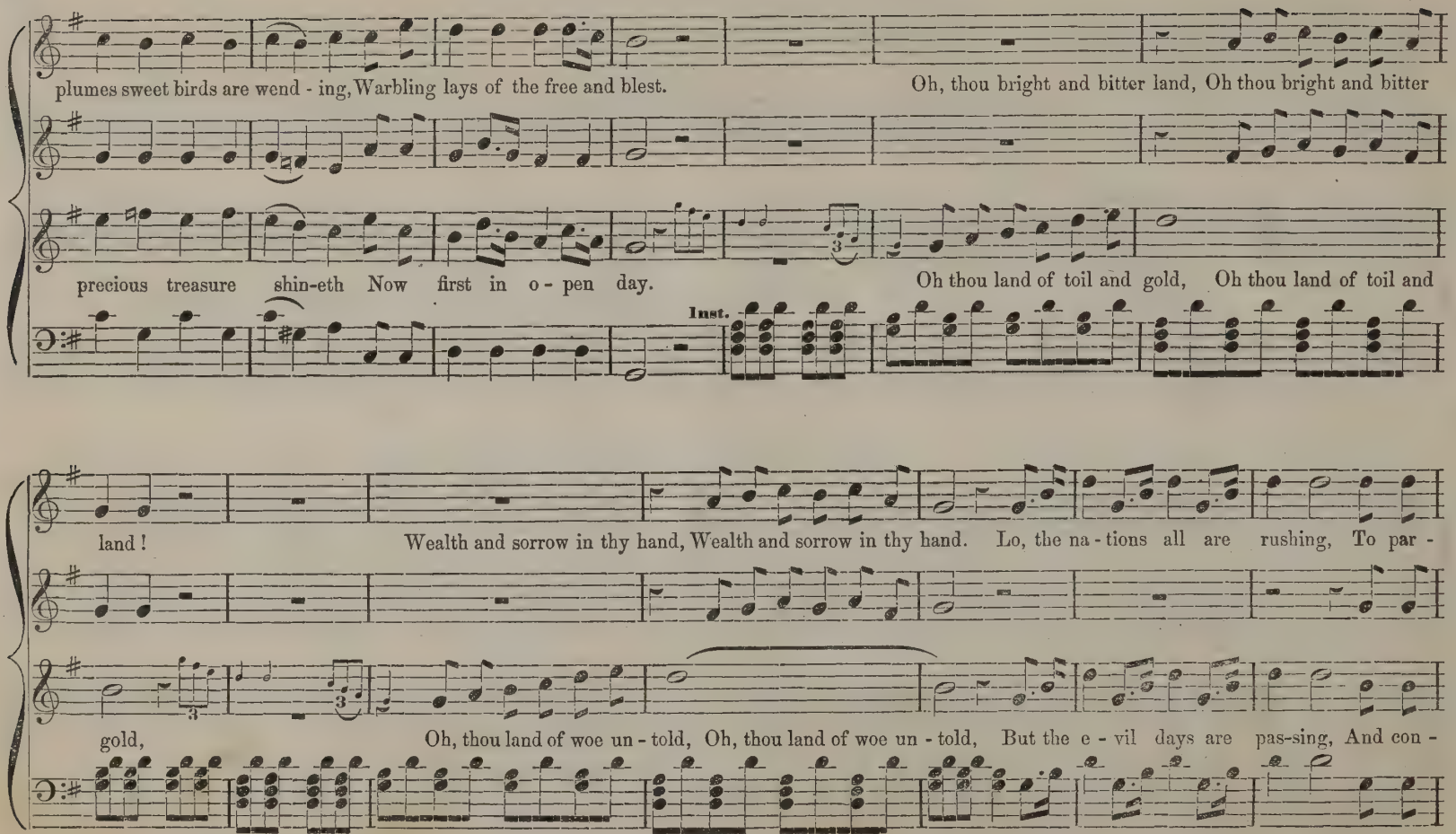


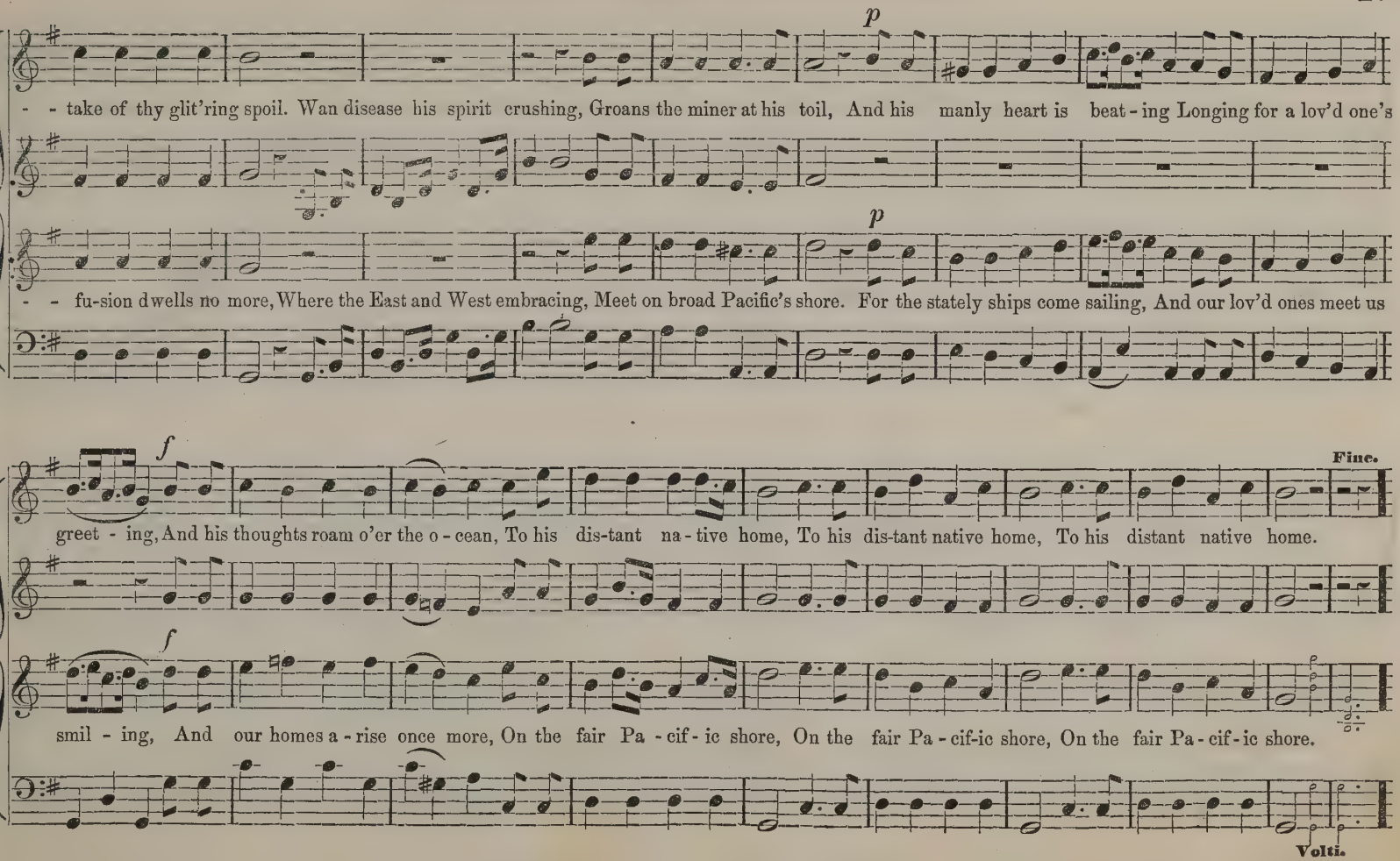

Fill the val - lies, Fill the val - lies, Fill the val - lies far and nigh. Up the cool and dew - y mountain, Springs the stag at ear - ly morn,
Up the cool and dew - y mountain,
Up the cool and dew - y mountain,
Fill the val - lies, Fill the val - lies, Fill the val - lies far and nigh. Up the cool and dew - y mountain, Springs the stag at ear - ly morn,
Drinking at the pine-girt fountain, Startling from her rest the fawn. Cometh here the dis - tant horn,
Drinking at the pine-girt fountain, Startling from her rest the fawn. Cometh here the dis - tant horn,
Drinking at the pine-girt fountain, Startling from her rest the fawn. Faintly on the ech-oes rest-ing, Cometh here the dis - tant horn,

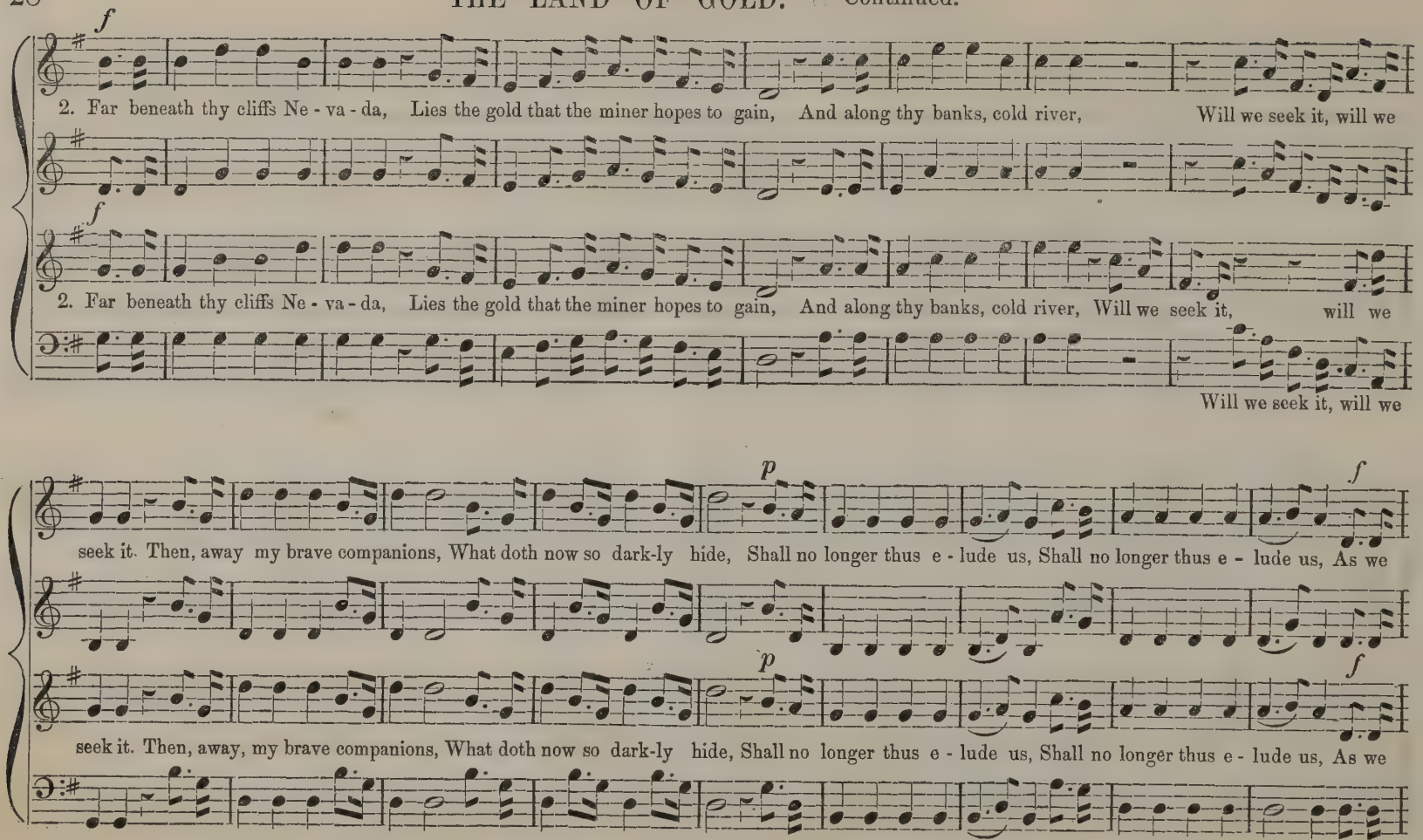

From the tow'ring cliffs of ce - dar,
Nought he car - eth for the warning, Bold is he, Bold is he, Bold is he the for - est born! From the tow'ring cliffs of ce - dar,
p
While the lark comes upward circling, Notes of gladsome praise to pour, Notes of gladsome praise to pour.
Seeth he the ea - gle soar, While the lark comes upward circling, Notes of glad-some praise to pour, Notes of gladsome praise to pour.
p
While the lark comes upward circling, Notes of glad-some praise to pour, Notes of gladsome praise to pour.

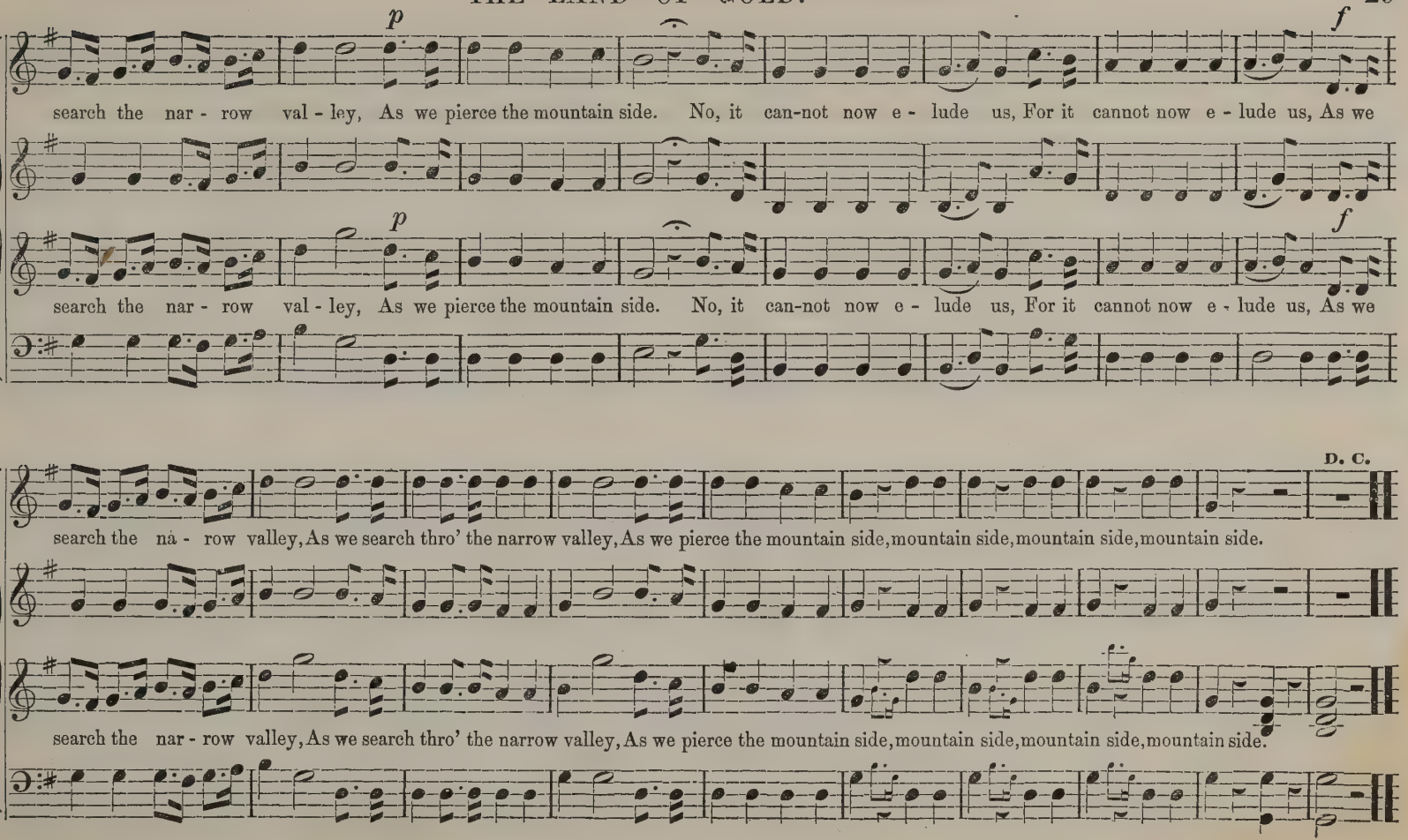

Allegro. 126
f
1. Far away, far away, on Ne - va - da, Shines the cold and fleecy snow, And
3. Un - loose thy snow, Ne - va - da, Haste, tor-rents on your way, Pour
p
f
on the ho - ly riv - er* Beams the sun with yellow glow, O'er the lev - el plain ex - tend - ing, Bloom the flow'rs of the queenly West. On fair
p
f
on, thou ho - ly riv - er, To swell St. Francis' bay! In qui - et then sub - sid - - ing, Re - veal where long a - biding, The

* *Sacramento.*


plumes sweet birds are wend - ing, Warbling lays of the free and blest.
Oh, thou bright and bitter land, Oh thou bright and bitter
precious treasure shin-eth Now first in o - pen day.
Oh thou land of toil and gold, Oh thou land of toil and
Inst.
land!
Wealth and sorrow in thy hand, Wealth and sorrow in thy hand. Lo, the na - tions all are rushing, To par -
gold,
Oh, thou land of woe un - told, Oh, thou land of woe un - told, But the e - vil days are pas-sing, And con -

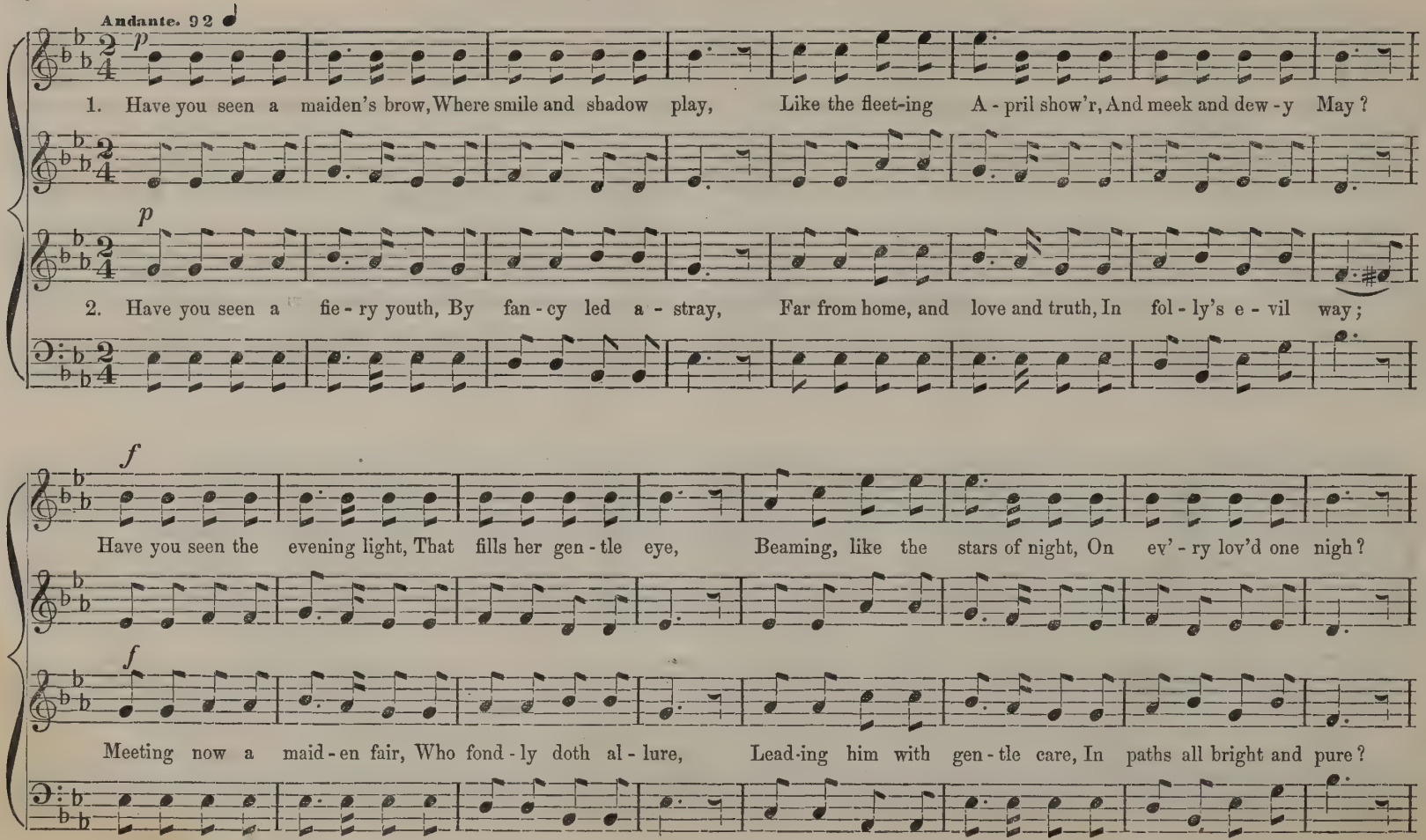

p
- - take of thy glit'ring spoil. Wan disease his spirit crushing, Groans the miner at his toil, And his manly heart is beat - ing Longing for a lov'd one's
p
- - fu-sion dwells no more, Where the East and West embracing, Meet on broad Pacific's shore. For the stately ships come sailing, And our lov'd ones meet us
f
greet - ing, And his thoughts roam o'er the o - cean, To his dis-tant na - tive home, To his dis-tant native home, To his distant native home.
Fine.
f
smil - ing, And our homes a - rise once more, On the fair Pa - cif - ic shore, On the fair Pa - cif-ic shore, On the fair Pa - cif - ic shore.
Volti.

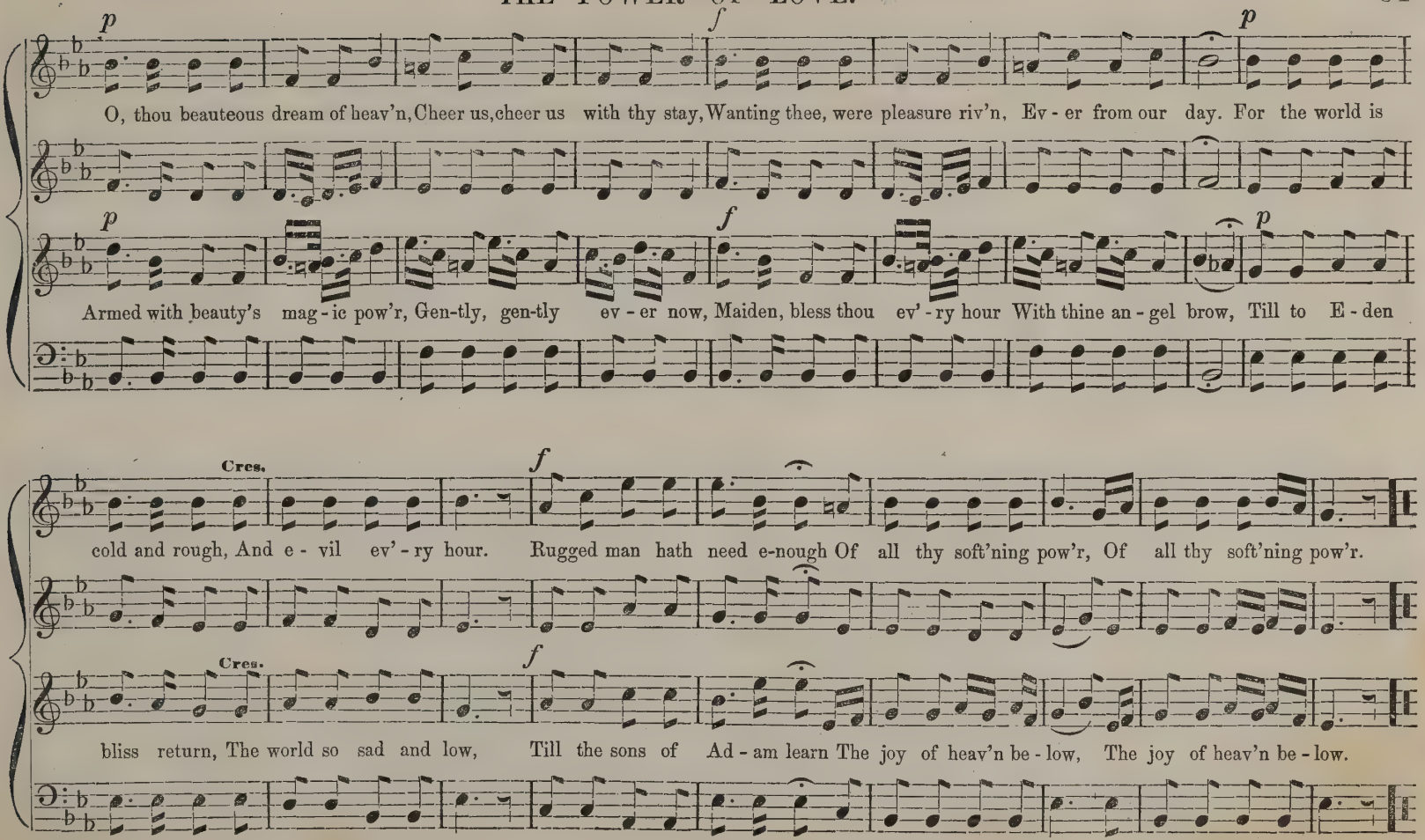

f
2. Far beneath thy cliffs Ne - va - da, Lies the gold that the miner hopes to gain, And along thy banks, cold river, Will we seek it, will we
f
2. Far beneath thy cliffs Ne - va - da, Lies the gold that the miner hopes to gain, And along thy banks, cold river, Will we seek it, will we
Will we seek it, will we
p
f
seek it. Then, away my brave companions, What doth now so dark-ly hide, Shall no longer thus e - lude us, Shall no longer thus e - lude us, As we
p
f
seek it. Then, away, my brave companions, What doth now so dark-ly hide, Shall no longer thus e - lude us, Shall no longer thus e - lude us, As we

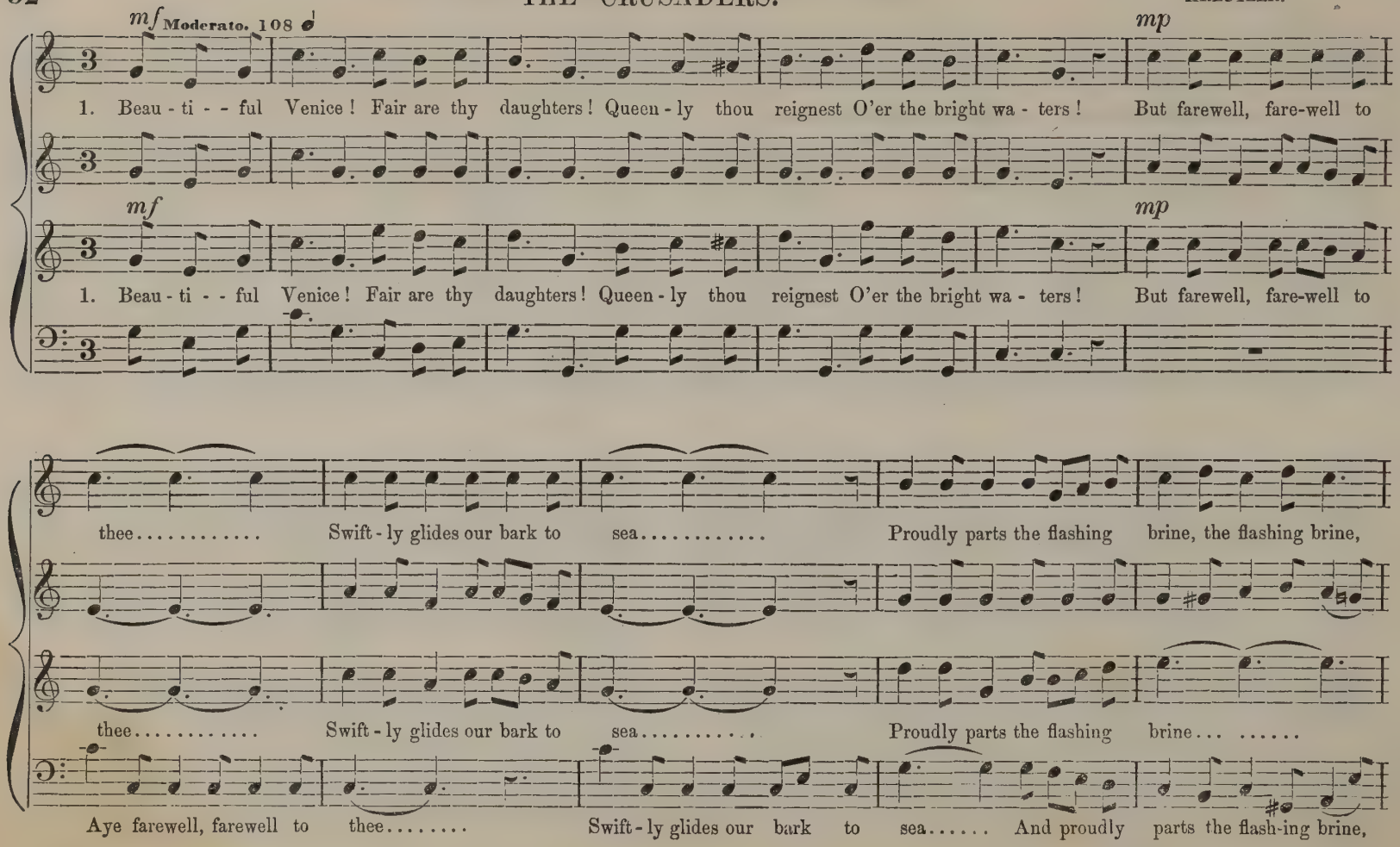

p
f
search the nar - row val - ley, As we pierce the mountain side. No, it can-not now e - lude us, For it cannot now e - lude us, As we
p
f
search the nar - row val - ley, As we pierce the mountain side. No, it can-not now e - lude us, For it cannot now e - lude us, As we
D. C.
search the na - row valley, As we search thro' the narrow valley, As we pierce the mountain side, mountain side, mountain side, mountain side.
search the nar - row valley, As we search thro' the narrow valley, As we pierce the mountain side, mountain side, mountain side, mountain side.

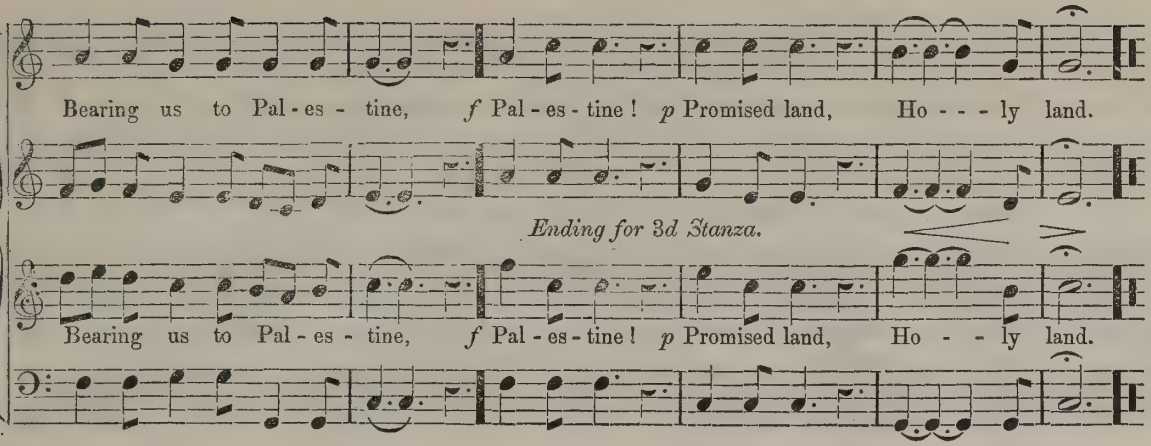
THE POWER OF LOVE.

BOHEMIAN MELODY.




p
f
p
O, thou beauteous dream of heav'n, Cheer us, cheer us with thy stay, Wanting thee, were pleasure riv'n, Ev - er from our day. For the world is
p
f
p
Armed with beauty's mag - ic pow'r, Gen-tly, gen-tly ev - er now, Maiden, bless thou ev' - ry hour With thine an - gel brow, Till to E - den
Cres.
f
cold and rough, And e - vil ev' - ry hour. Rugged man hath need e-nough Of all thy soft'ning pow'r, Of all thy soft'ning pow'r.
Cres.
f
bliss return, The world so sad and low, Till the sons of Ad - am learn The joy of heav'n be - low, The joy of heav'n be - low.


mf Moderato. 108
mp
1. Beau - ti - - ful Venice! Fair are thy daughters! Queen - ly thou reignest O'er the bright wa - ters! But farewell, fare-well to
mf
mp
1. Beau - ti - - ful Venice! Fair are thy daughters! Queen - ly thou reignest O'er the bright wa - ters! But farewell, fare-well to
thee..... Swift - ly glides our bark to sea..... Proudly parts the flashing brine, the flashing brine,
thee..... Swift - ly glides our bark to sea..... Proudly parts the flashing brine... .....
Aye farewell, farewell to thee..... Swift - ly glides our bark to sea..... And proudly parts the flash-ing brine,

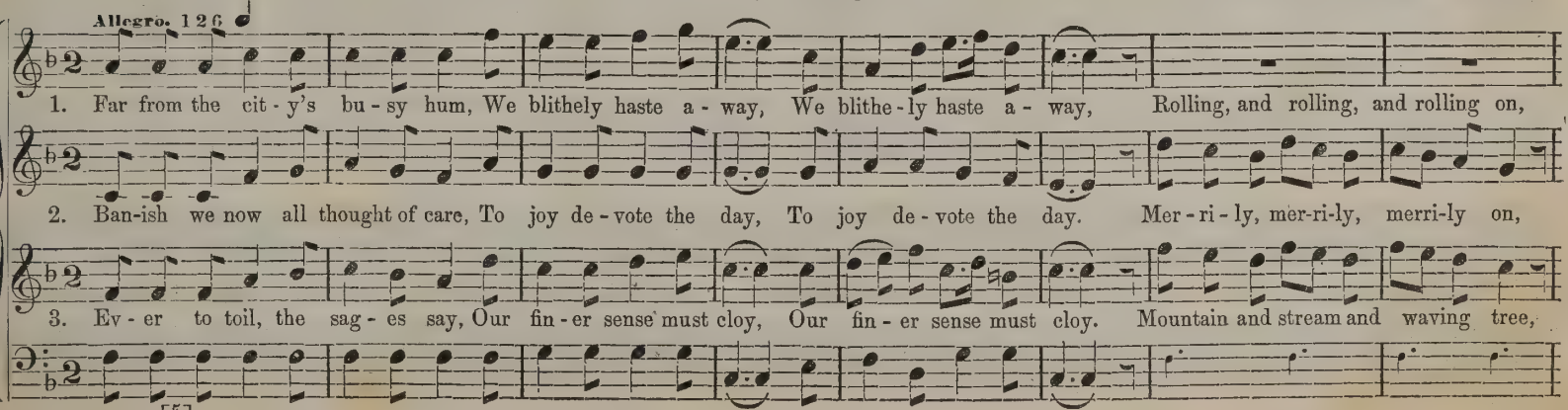


2 Bright Adriatic!
Green are thine islands!
Soft are thy breezes,
Fair are thy highlands!
Fairer yet the scene will be,
On the coast of Galilee.
Blow ye gales from off the strand,
Waft us to the holy land!

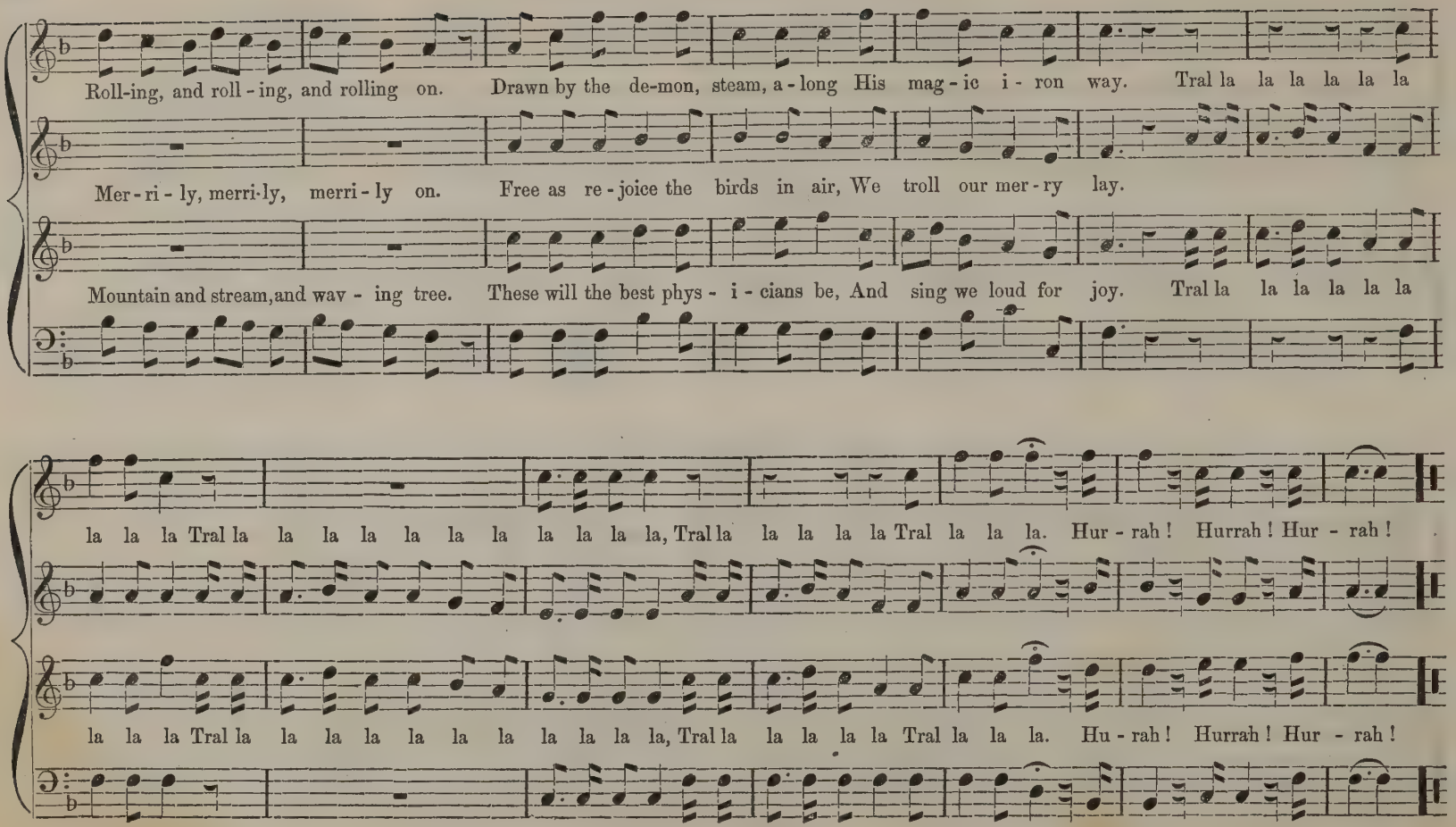
3 Ho! for Mount Carmel!
Gallant invader,
Fling the red cross high,
Ev'ry crusader!
Swift we cleave the flashing brine,
Bearing on to Palestine.
Tempest, rage! and billows, roar!
Bear us to the promised shore!
Palestine! Promised land! Holy land!

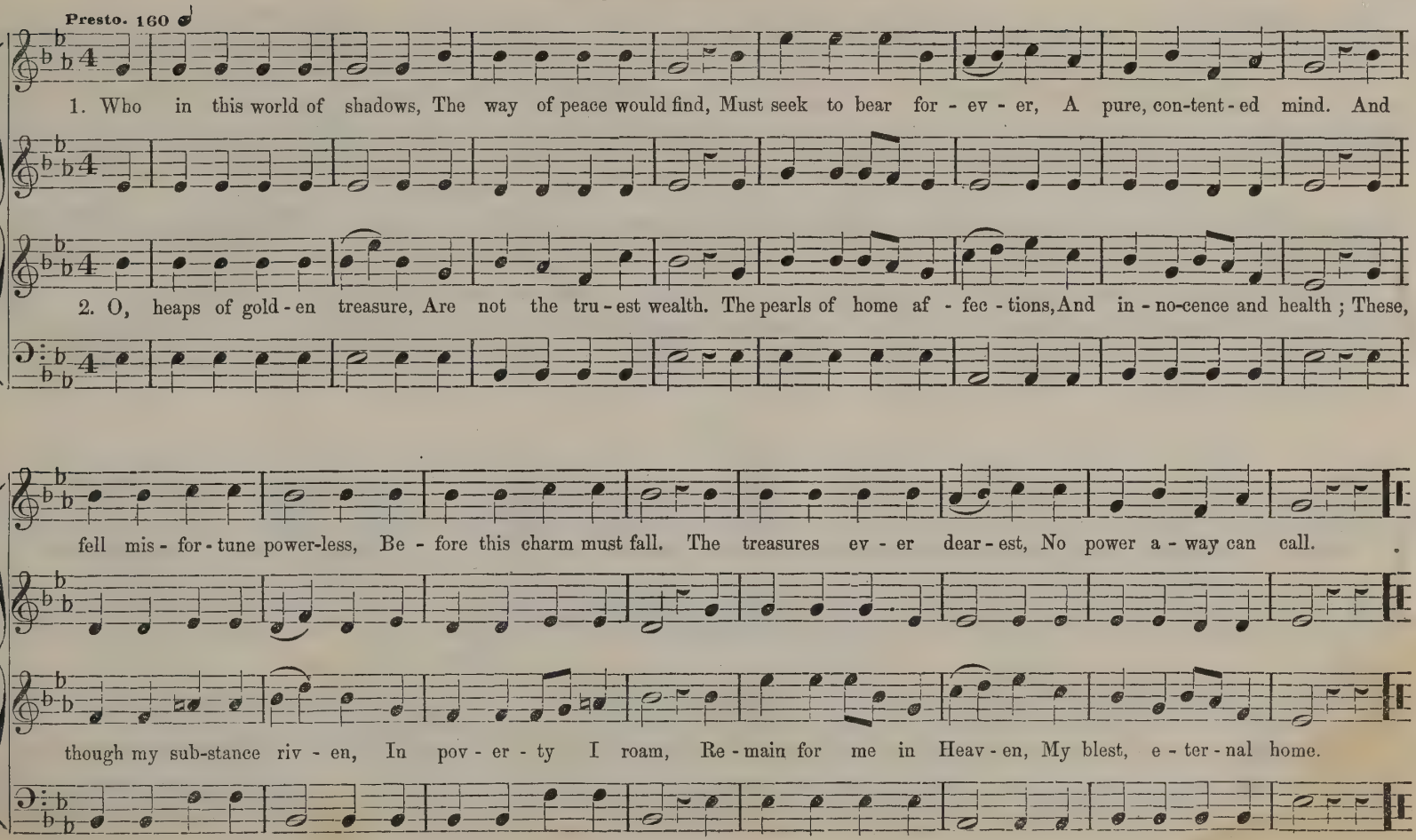
THE EXCURSION.

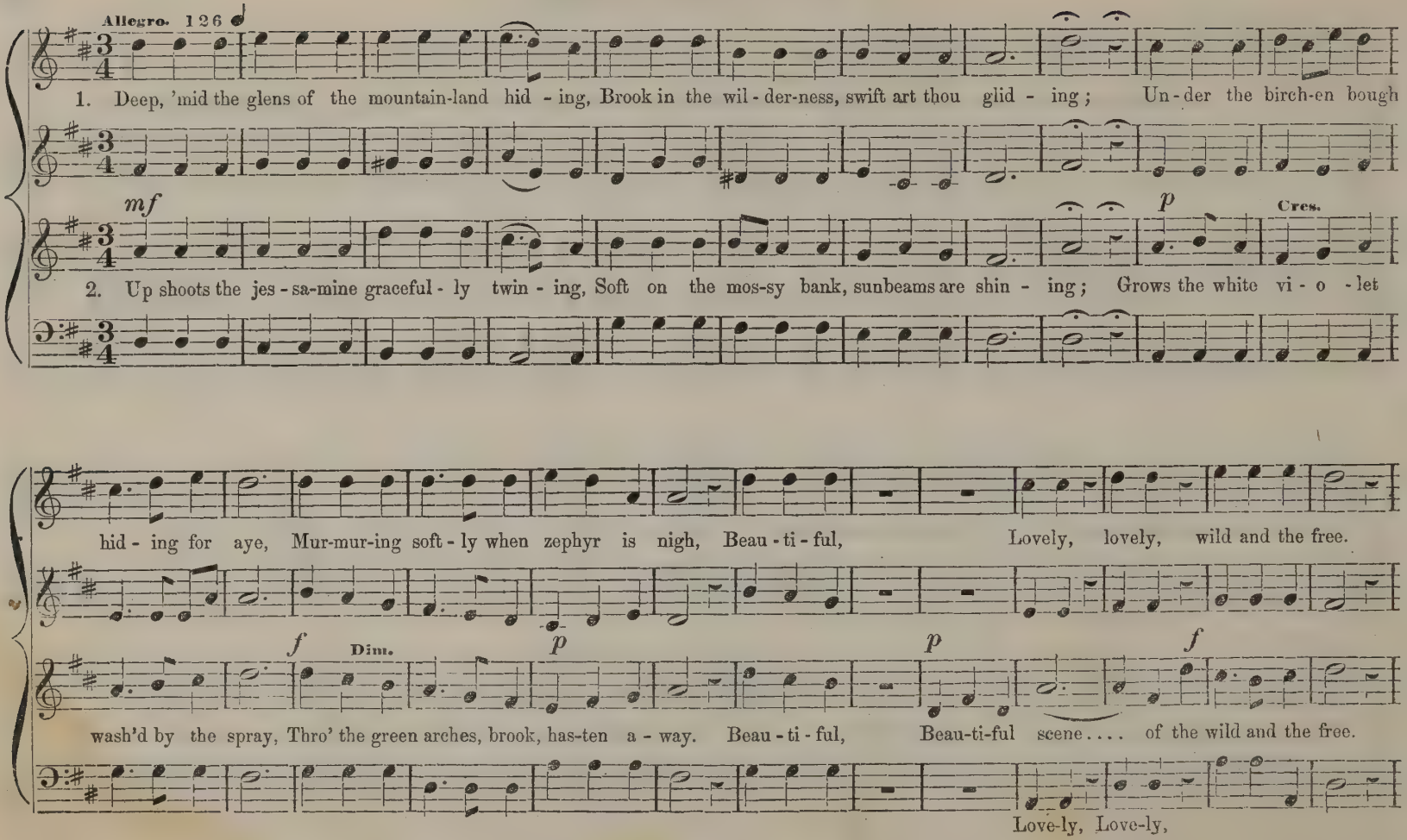
J. A. GOULD, WINCHESTER, MASS.

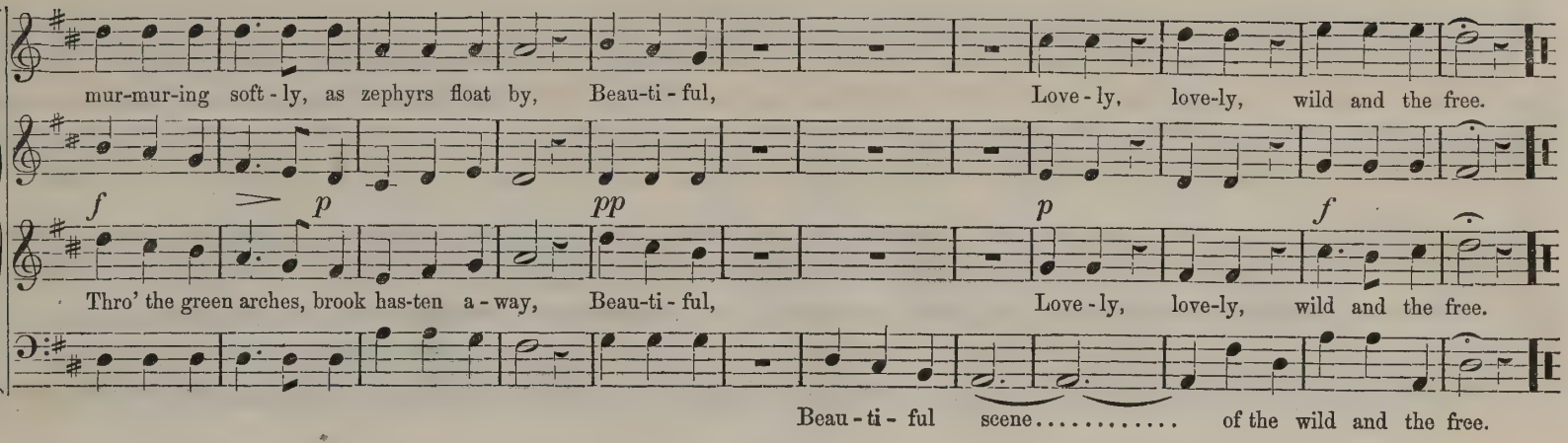


THE EXCURSION. Concluded.

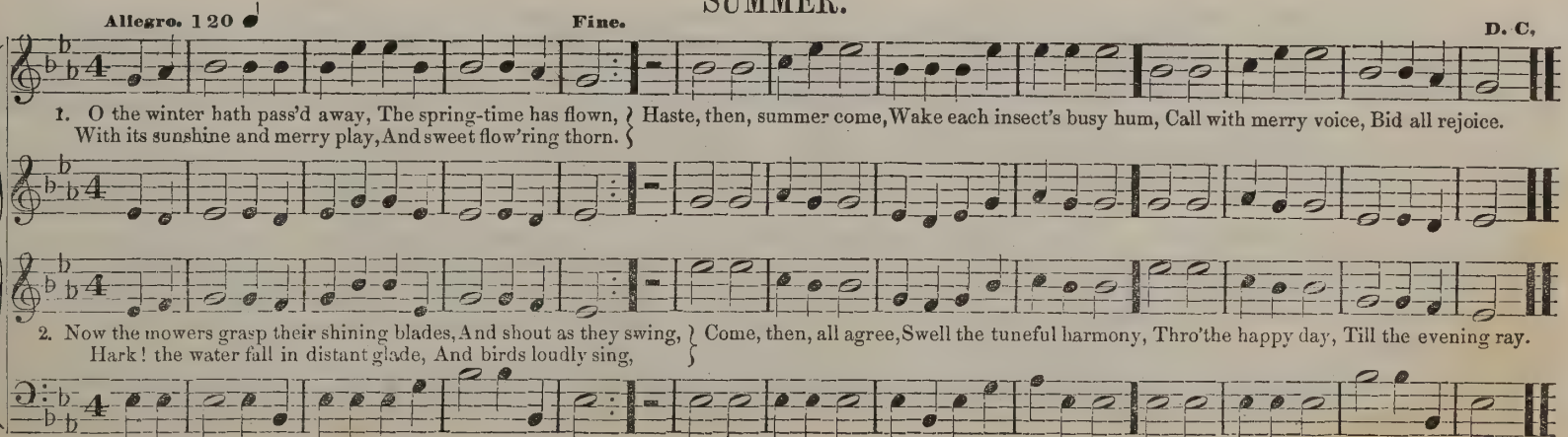



Presto. 160
1. Who in this world of shadows, The way of peace would find, Must seek to bear for - ev - er, A pure, con-tent-ed mind. And
2. O, heaps of gold - en treasure, Are not the tru - est wealth. The pearls of home af - fec - tions, And in - no-cence and health; These,
fell mis - for - tune power-less, Be - fore this charm must fall. The treasures ev - er dear - est, No power a - way can call.
though my sub-stance riv - en, In pov - er - ty I roam, Re - main for me in Heav - en, My blest, e - ter - nal home.


Allegro. 126
1. Deep, 'mid the glens of the mountain-land hid - ing, Brook in the wil - der-ness, swift art thou glid - ing; Un - der the birch-en bough
mf
p
Cres.
2. Up shoots the jes - sa-mine graceful - ly twin - ing, Soft on the mos-sy bank, sunbeams are shin - ing; Grows the white vi - o - let
hid - ing for aye, Mur-mur-ing soft - ly when zephyr is nigh, Beau - ti - ful, Lovely, lovely, wild and the free.
f
Dim.
p
p
f
wash'd by the spray, Thro' the green arches, brook, has-ten a - way. Beau - ti - ful, Beau-ti-ful scene.... of the wild and the free.
Love-ly, Love-ly,

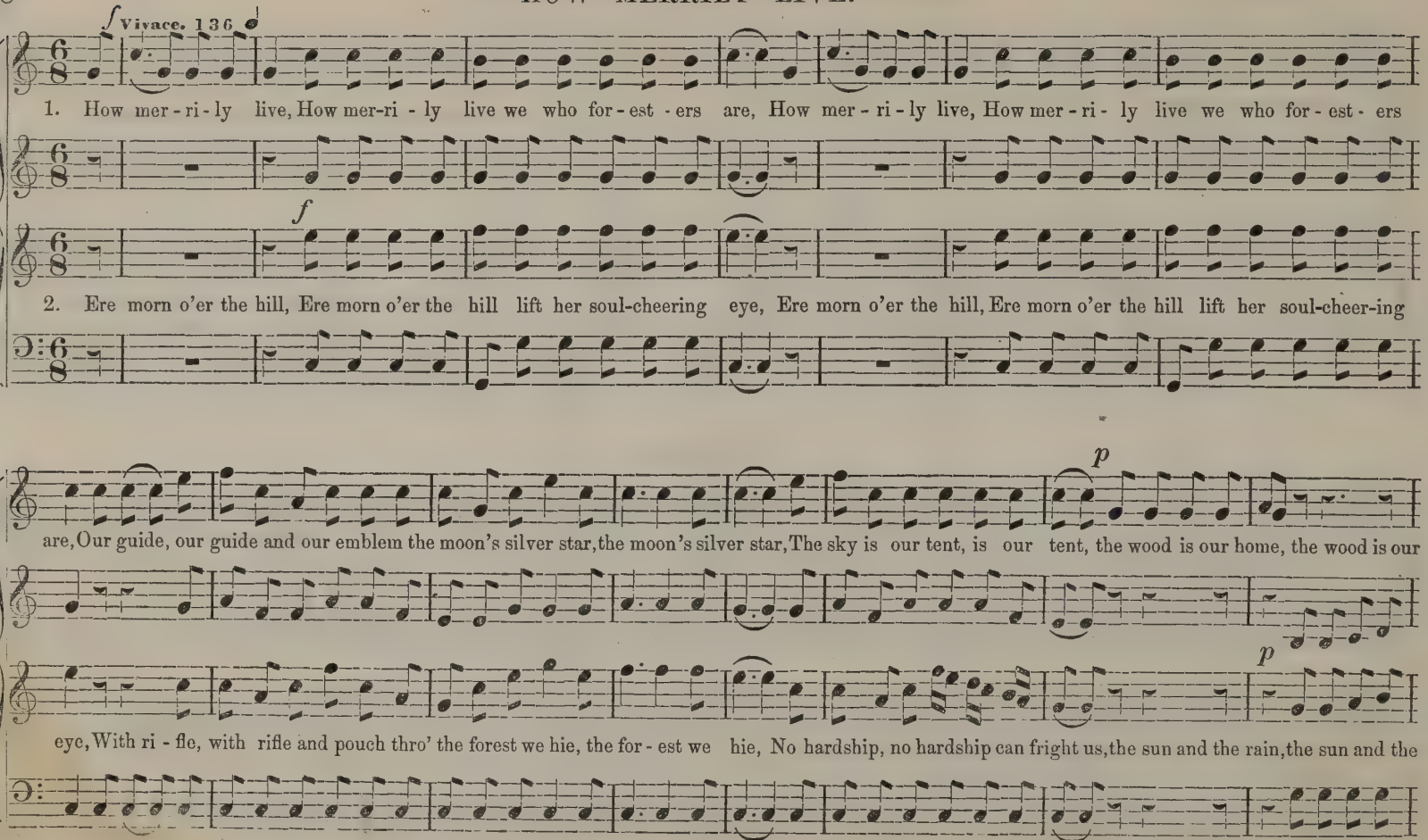

mur-mur-ing soft-ly, as zephyrs float by, Beau-ti-ful, Love-ly, love-ly, wild and the free.
f p pp p f
Thro' the green arches, brook has-ten a-way, Beau-ti-ful, Love-ly, love-ly, wild and the free.
Beau-ti-ful scene..... of the wild and the free.

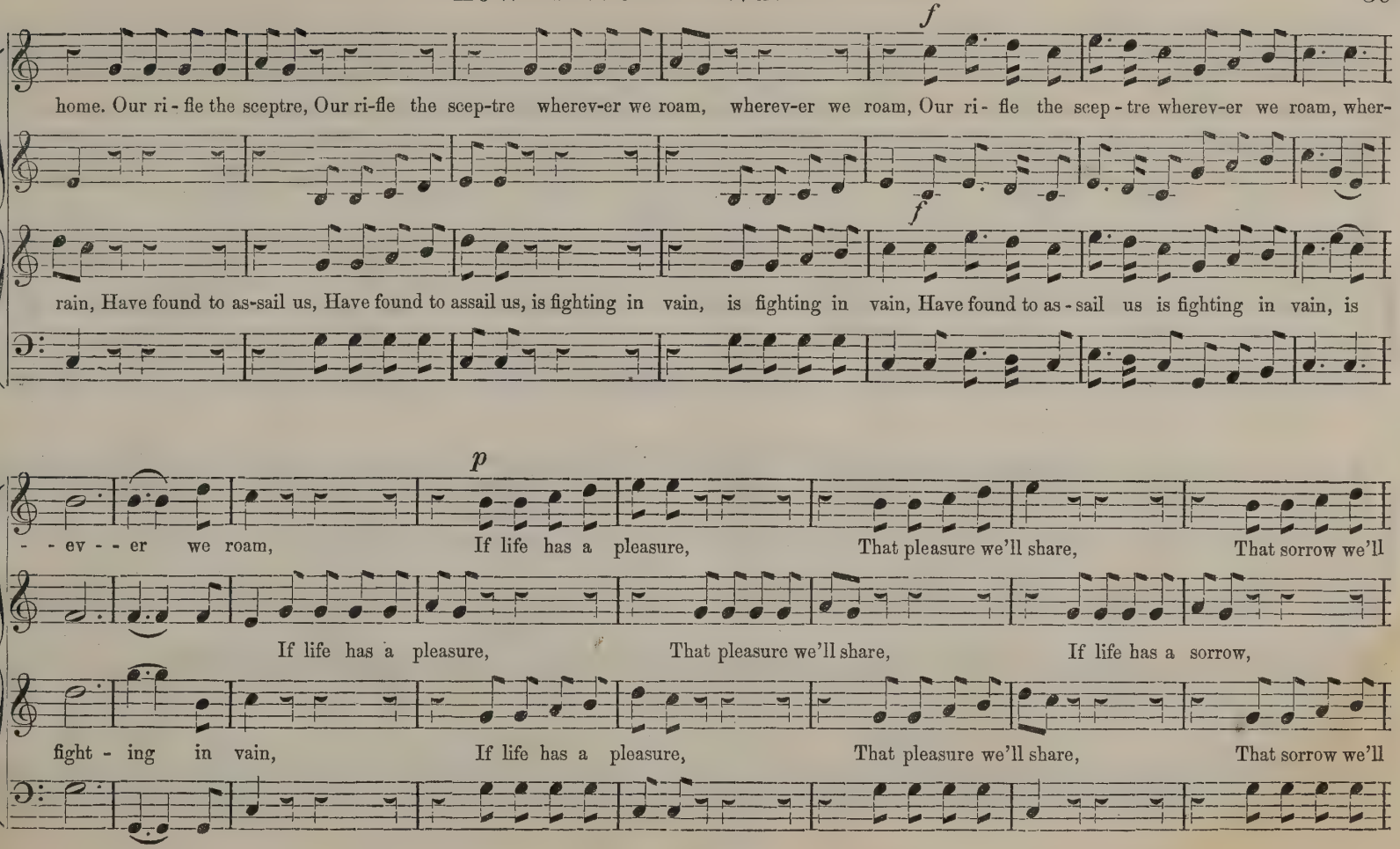
SUMMER.

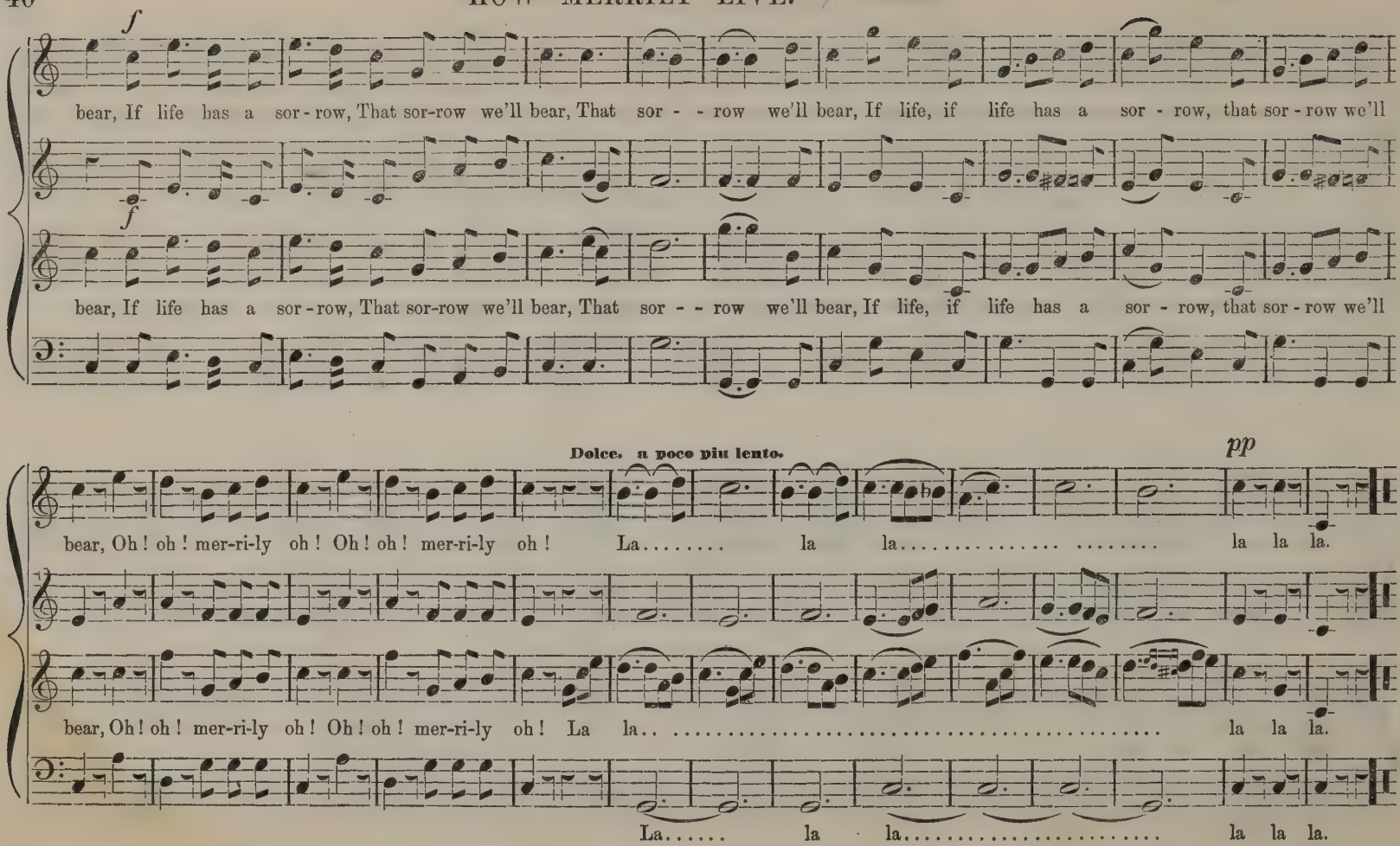

Allegro. 120
Fine.
D. C.
1. O the winter hath pass'd away, The spring-time has flown, With its sunshine and merry play, And sweet flow'ring thorn. Haste, then, summer come, Wake each insect's busy hum, Call with merry voice, Bid all rejoice.
2. Now the mowers grasp their shining blades, And shout as they swing, Hark! the water fall in distant glade, And birds loudly sing, Come, then, all agree, Swell the tuneful harmony, Thro' the happy day, Till the evening ray.

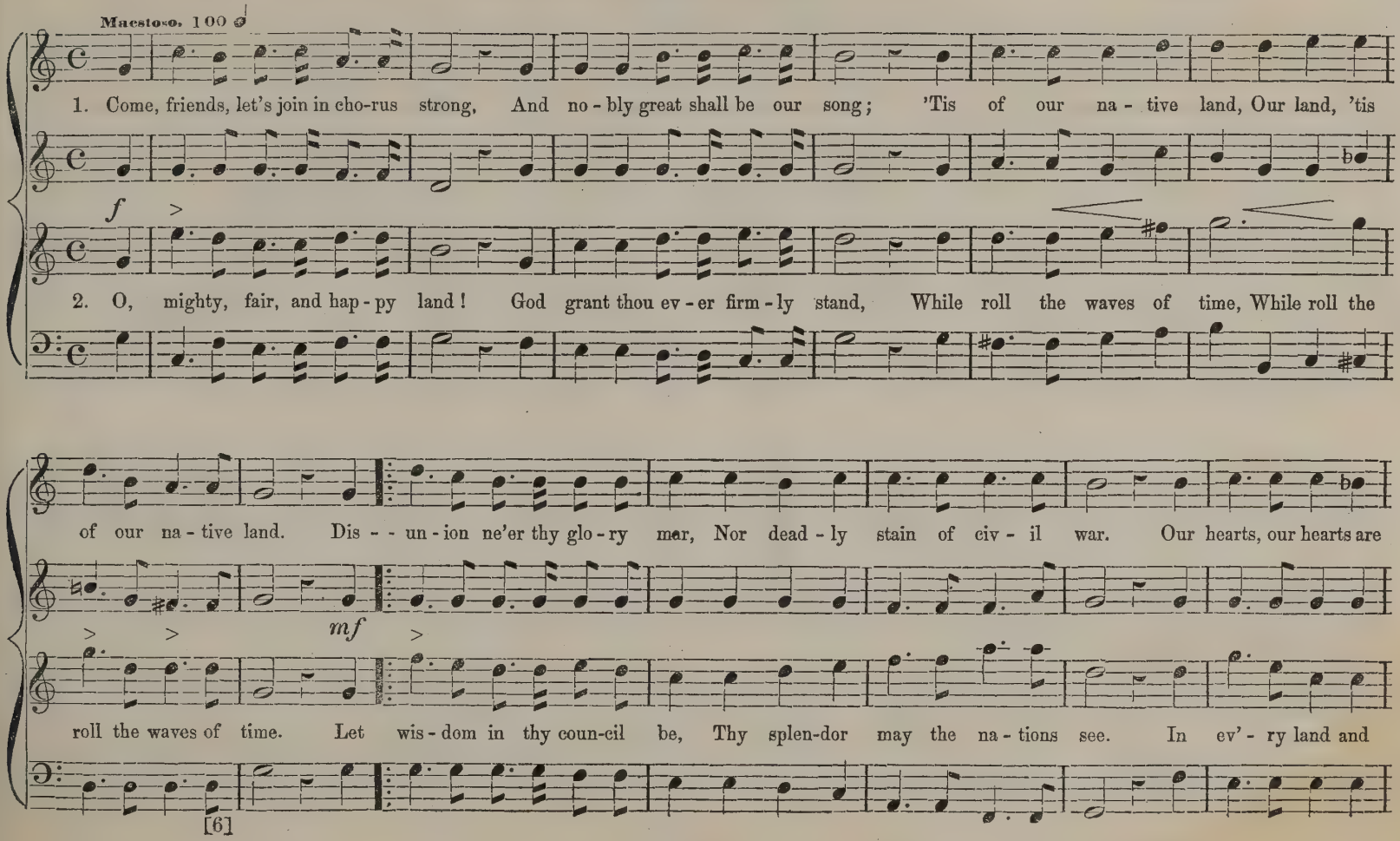
HOW MERRILY LIVE.

H. R. BISHOP.

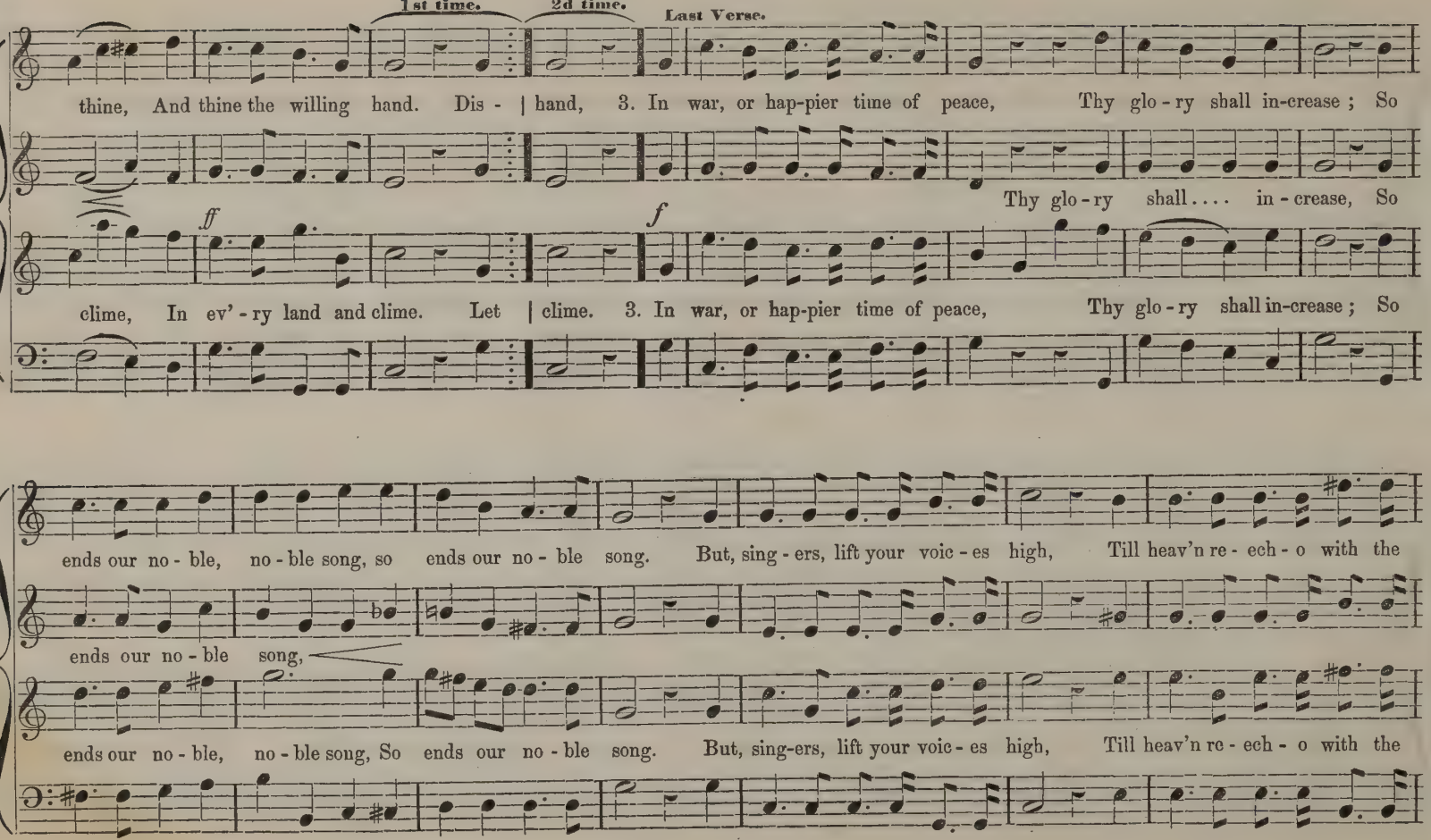


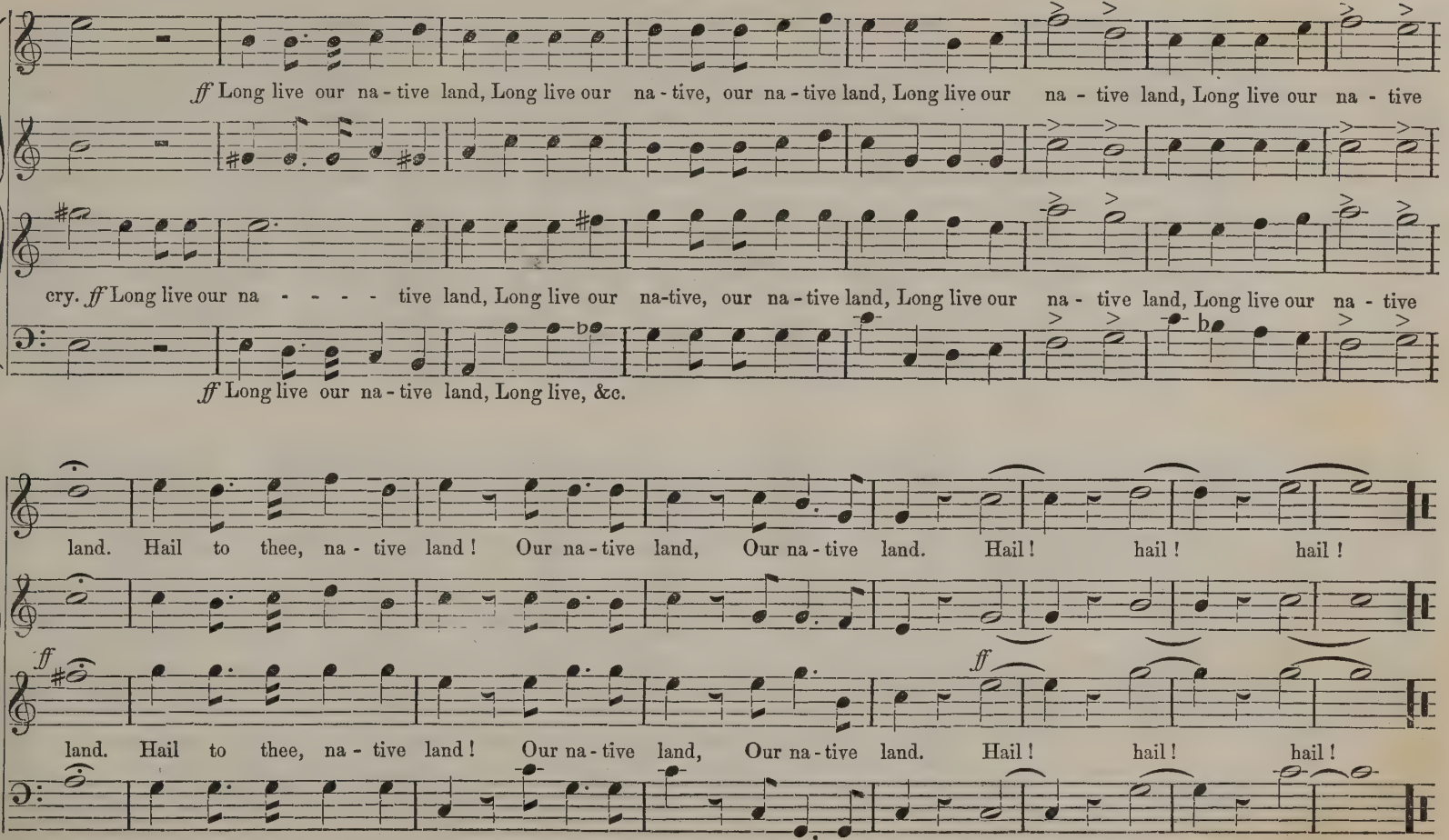

f
home. Our ri - fle the sceptre, Our ri-fle the scep-tre wherev-er we roam, wherev-er we roam, Our ri - fle the scep - tre wherev-er we roam, wher-
f
rain, Have found to as-sail us, Have found to assail us, is fighting in vain, is fighting in vain, Have found to as - sail us is fighting in vain, is
p
- - ev - - er we roam, If life has a pleasure, That pleasure we'll share, That sorrow we'll
If life has a pleasure, That pleasure we'll share, If life has a sorrow,
fight - ing in vain, If life has a pleasure, That pleasure we'll share, That sorrow we'll


f
bear, If life has a sor - row, That sor-row we'll bear, That sor - - row we'll bear, If life, if life has a sor - row, that sor - row we'll
f
bear, If life has a sor - row, That sor-row we'll bear, That sor - - row we'll bear, If life, if life has a sor - row, that sor - row we'll
Dolce. a poco piu lento.
pp
bear, Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! La..... la la..... la la la.
bear, Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! La la.. ..... la la la.
La..... la la..... la la la.


Maestoso. 100
1. Come, friends, let's join in cho-rus strong, And no-bly great shall be our song; 'Tis of our na-tive land, Our land, 'tis
f
2. O, mighty, fair, and hap-py land! God grant thou ev-er firm-ly stand, While roll the waves of time, While roll the
of our na-tive land. Dis---un-ion ne'er thy glo-ry mar, Nor dead-ly stain of civ-il war. Our hearts, our hearts are
mf
roll the waves of time. Let wis-dom in thy coun-cil be, Thy splen-dor may the na-tions see. In ev'-ry land and
[6]

OUR NATIVE LAND. Continued.

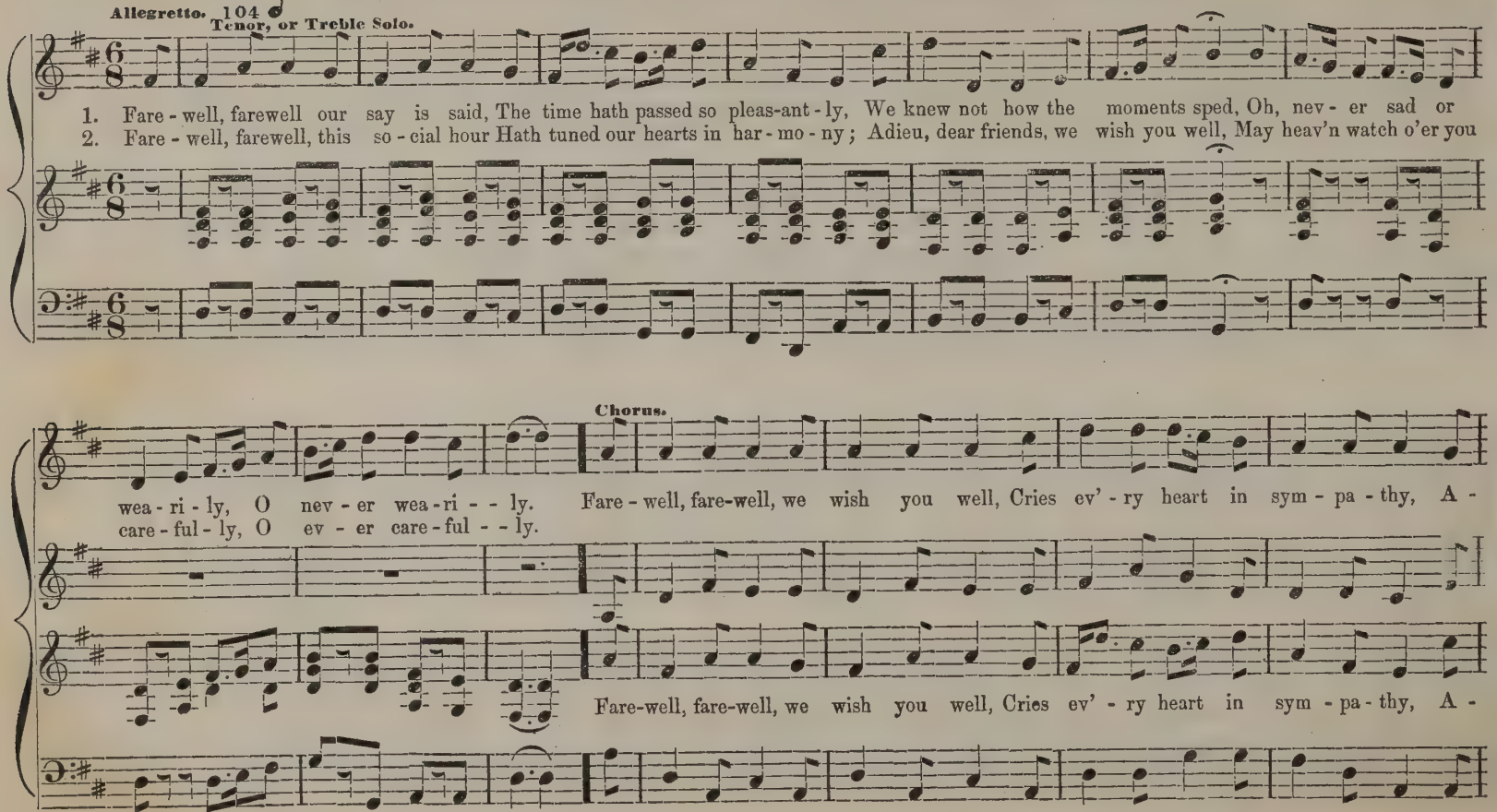


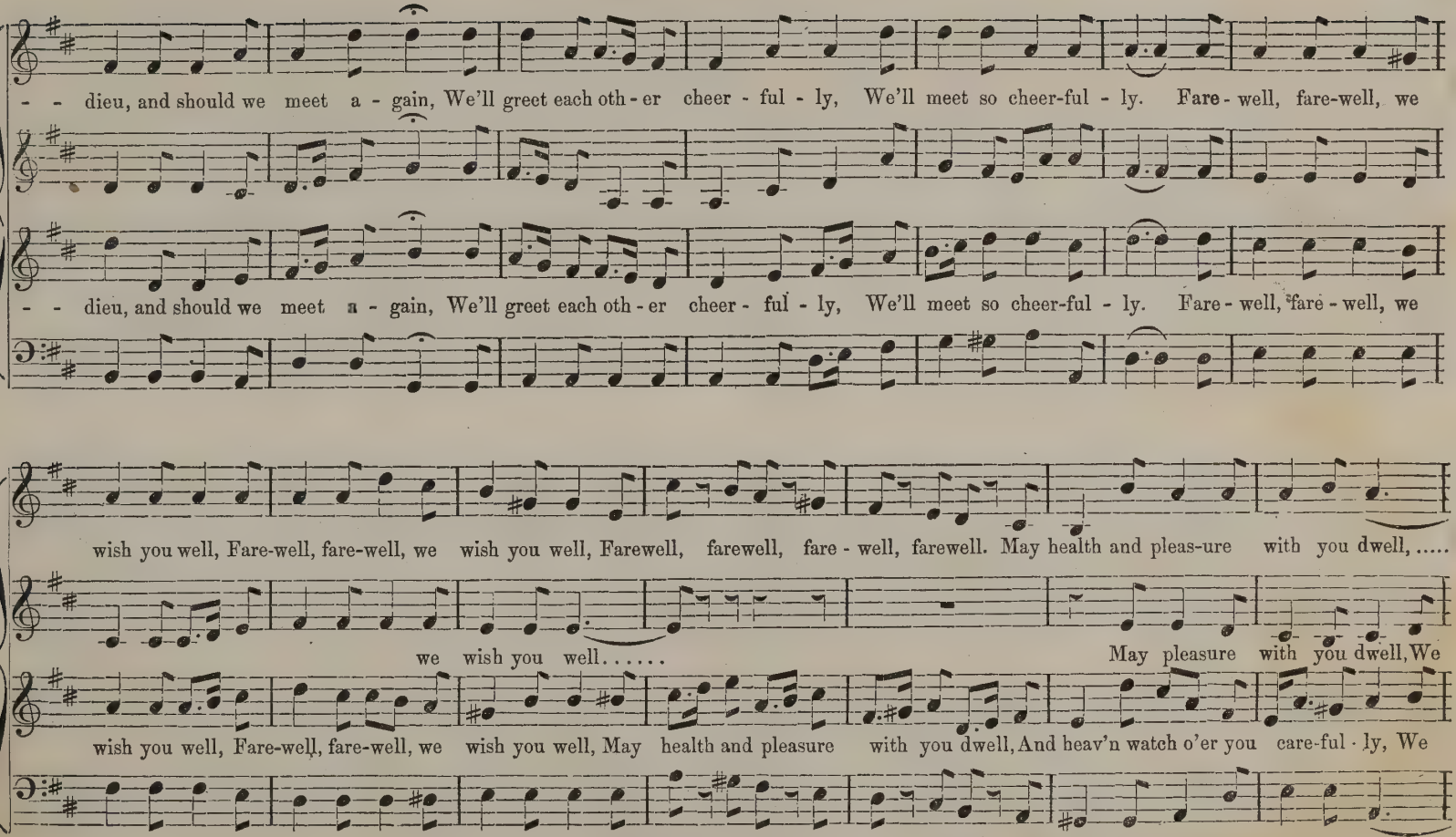

ff Long live our na - tive land, Long live our na - tive, our na - tive land, Long live our na - tive land, Long live our na - tive
cry. ff Long live our na - - - - - tive land, Long live our na-tive, our na - tive land, Long live our na - tive land, Long live our na - tive
ff Long live our na - tive land, Long live, &c.
land. Hail to thee, na - tive land! Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land. Hail! hail! hail!
ff
land. Hail to thee, na - tive land! Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land. Hail! hail! hail!

FAREWELL.

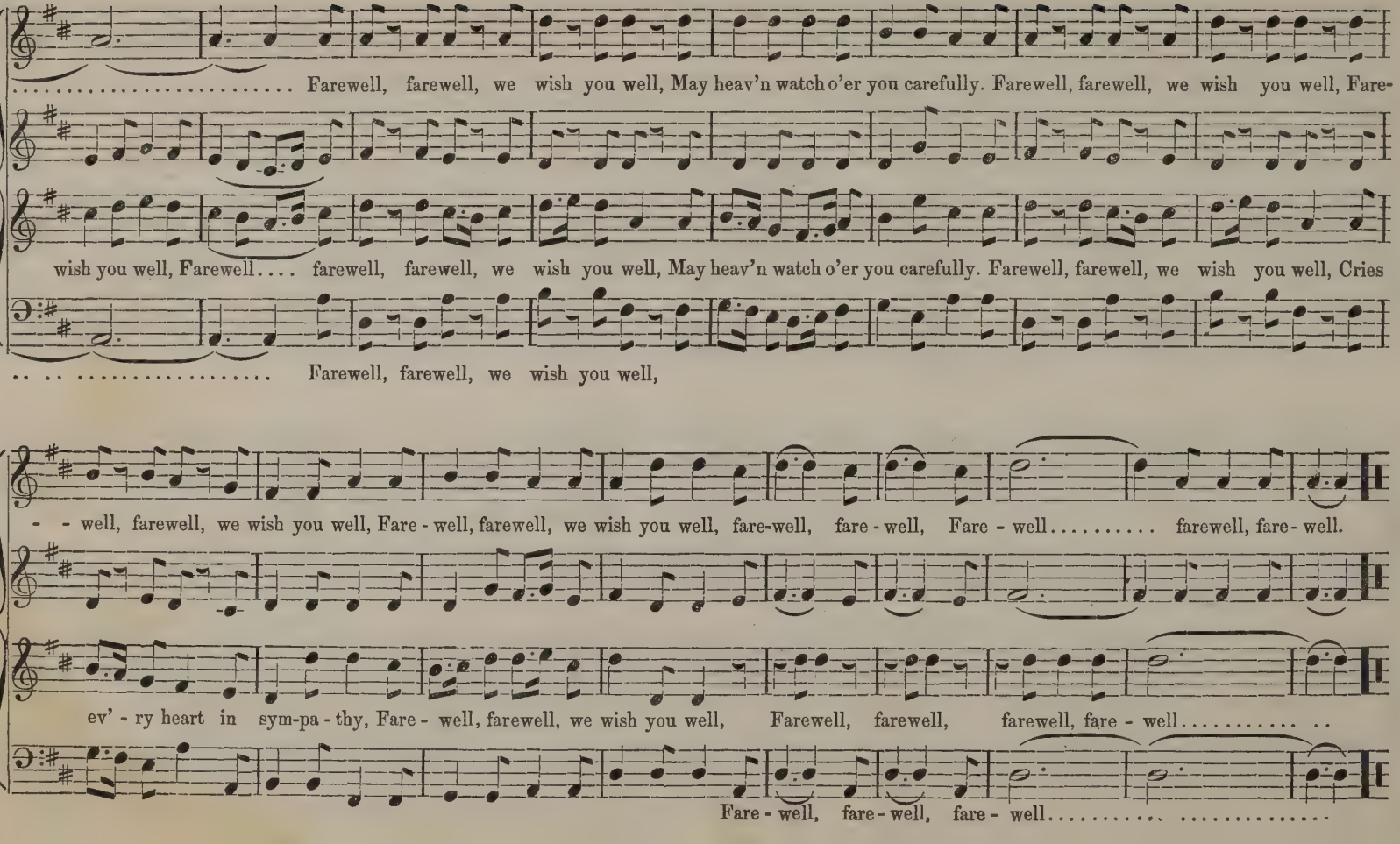
H. R. BISHOP.

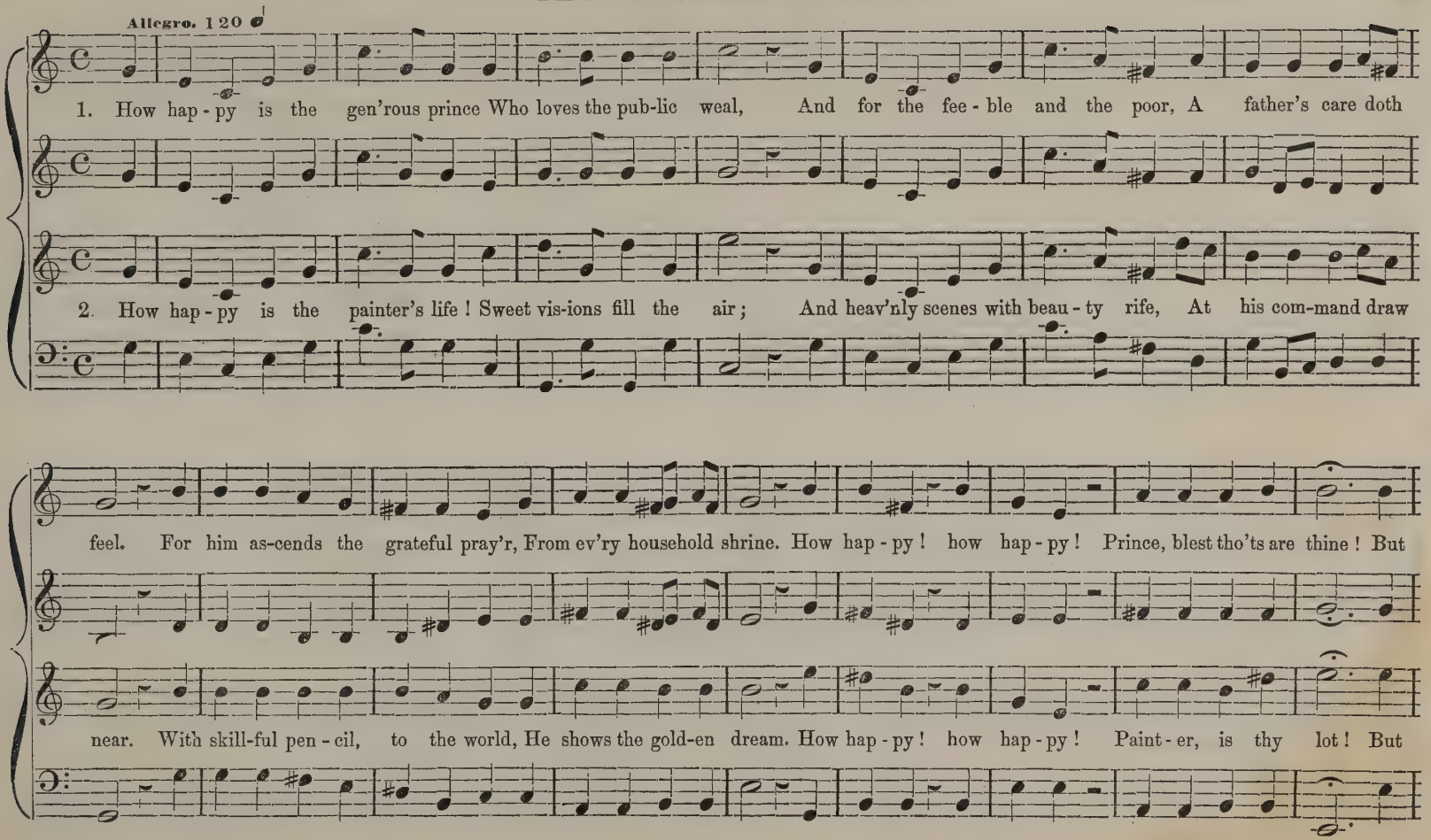
FOR THE CLOSE OF SINGING MEETINGS, OR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

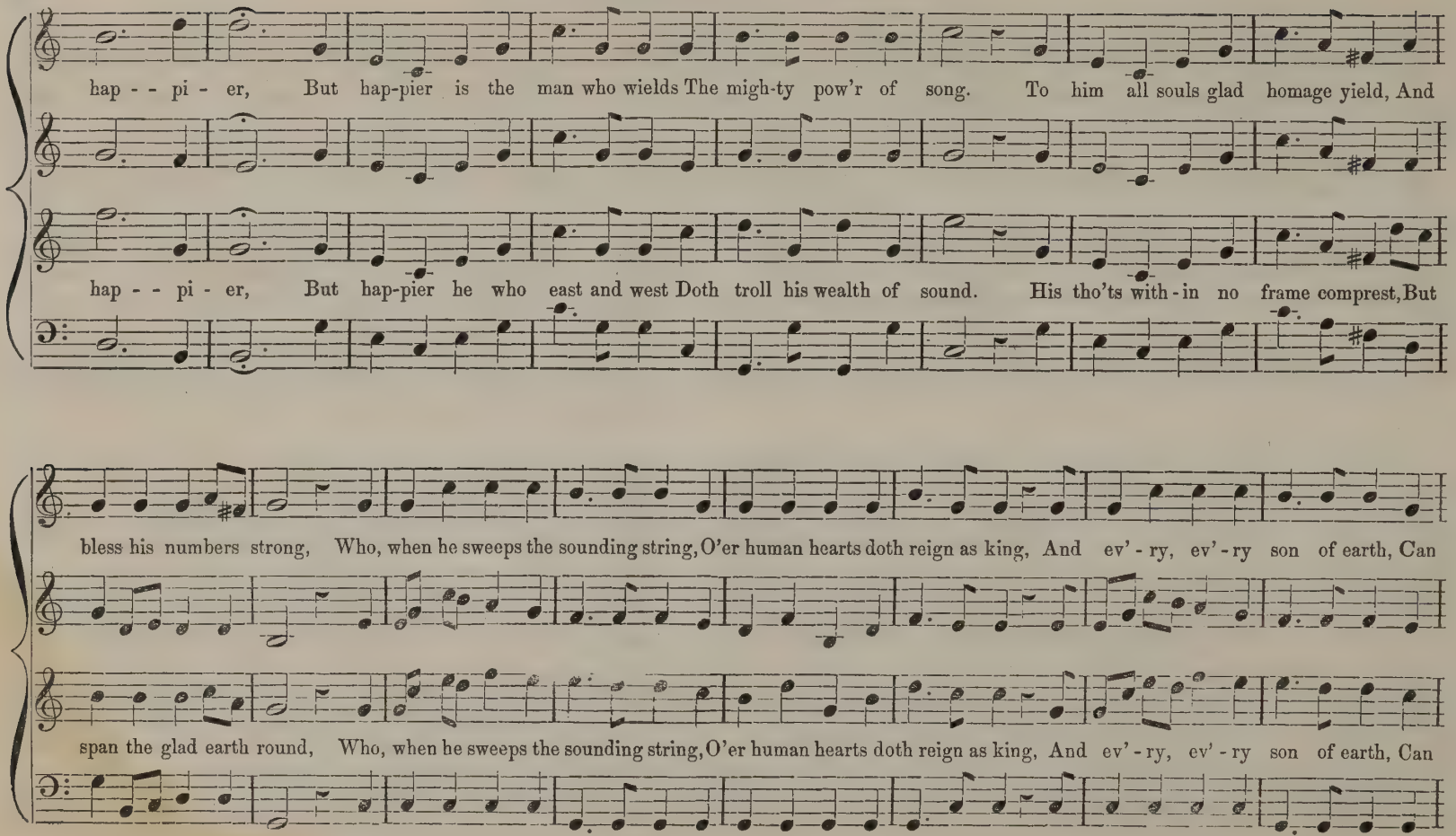


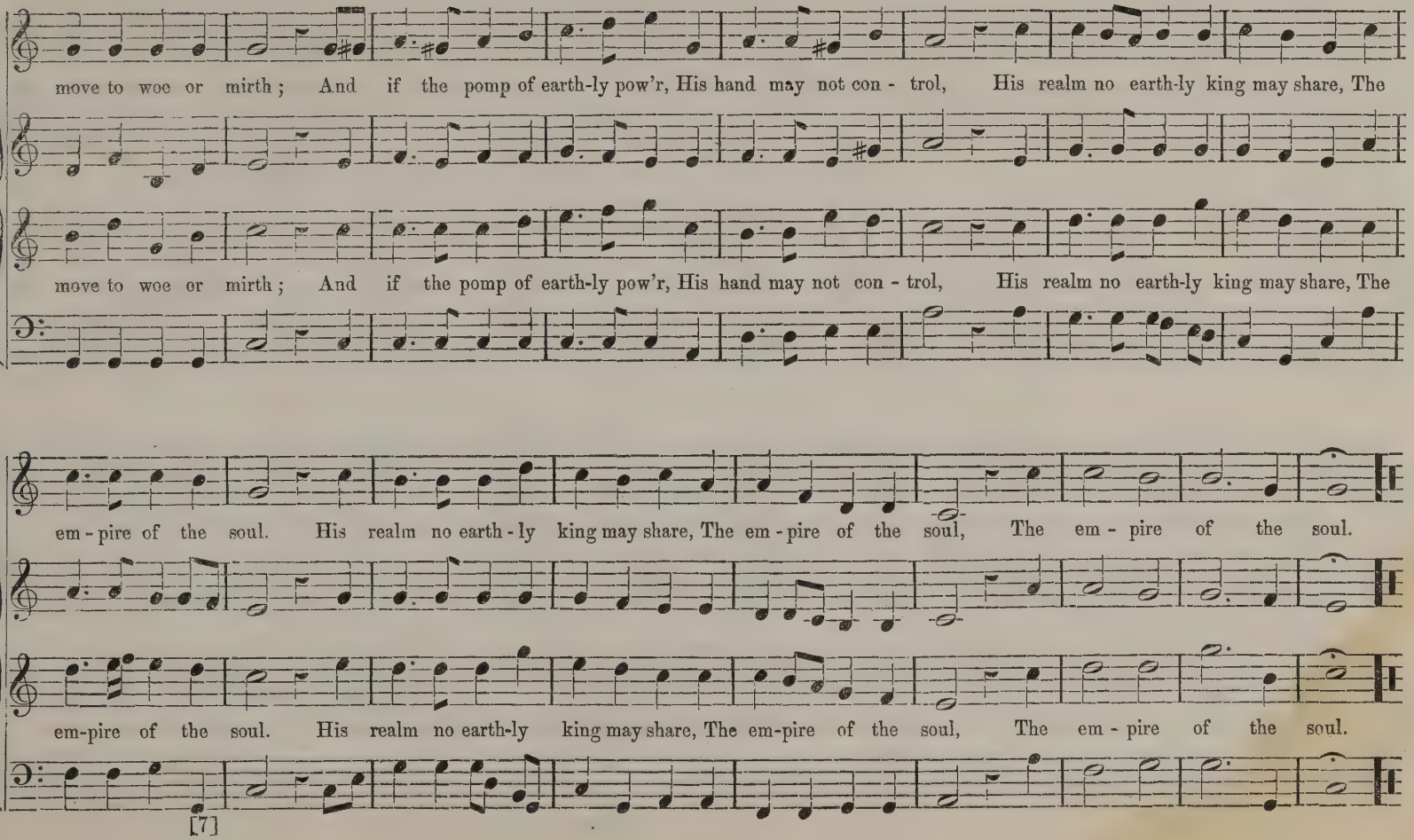

- - dieu, and should we meet a - gain, We'll greet each oth - er cheer - ful - ly, We'll meet so cheer-ful - ly. Fare - well, fare-well, we
- - dieu, and should we meet a - gain, We'll greet each oth - er cheer - ful - ly, We'll meet so cheer-ful - ly. Fare - well, fare - well, we
wish you well, Fare-well, fare-well, we wish you well, Farewell, farewell, fare - well, farewell. May health and pleas-ure with you dwell, ...
we wish you well.....
May pleasure with you dwell, We
wish you well, Fare-well, fare-well, we wish you well, May health and pleasure with you dwell, And heav'n watch o'er you care-ful - ly, We
Fare - well, farewell, fare - well, farewell. May health and pleas-ure with you dwell, ...

FAREWELL. Concluded.



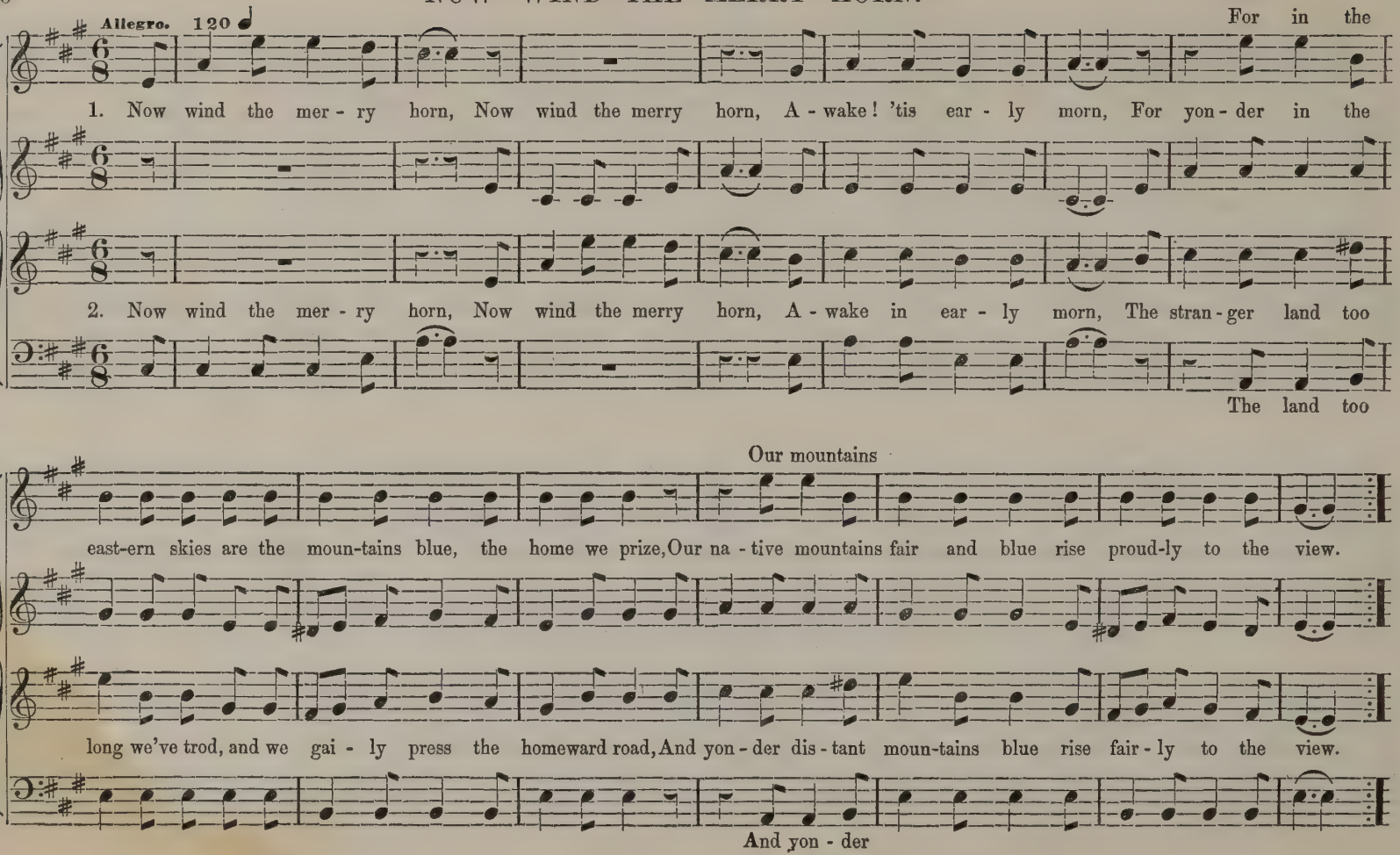

Allegro. 120
1. How hap - py is the gen'rous prince Who loves the pub-lic weal, And for the fee - ble and the poor, A father's care doth
2. How hap - py is the painter's life ! Sweet vis-ions fill the air ; And heav'nly scenes with beau - ty rife, At his com-mand draw
feel. For him as-cends the grateful pray'r, From ev'ry household shrine. How hap - py ! how hap - py ! Prince, blest tho'ts are thine ! But
near. With skill-ful pen - cil, to the world, He shows the gold-en dream. How hap - py ! how hap - py ! Paint - er, is thy lot ! But

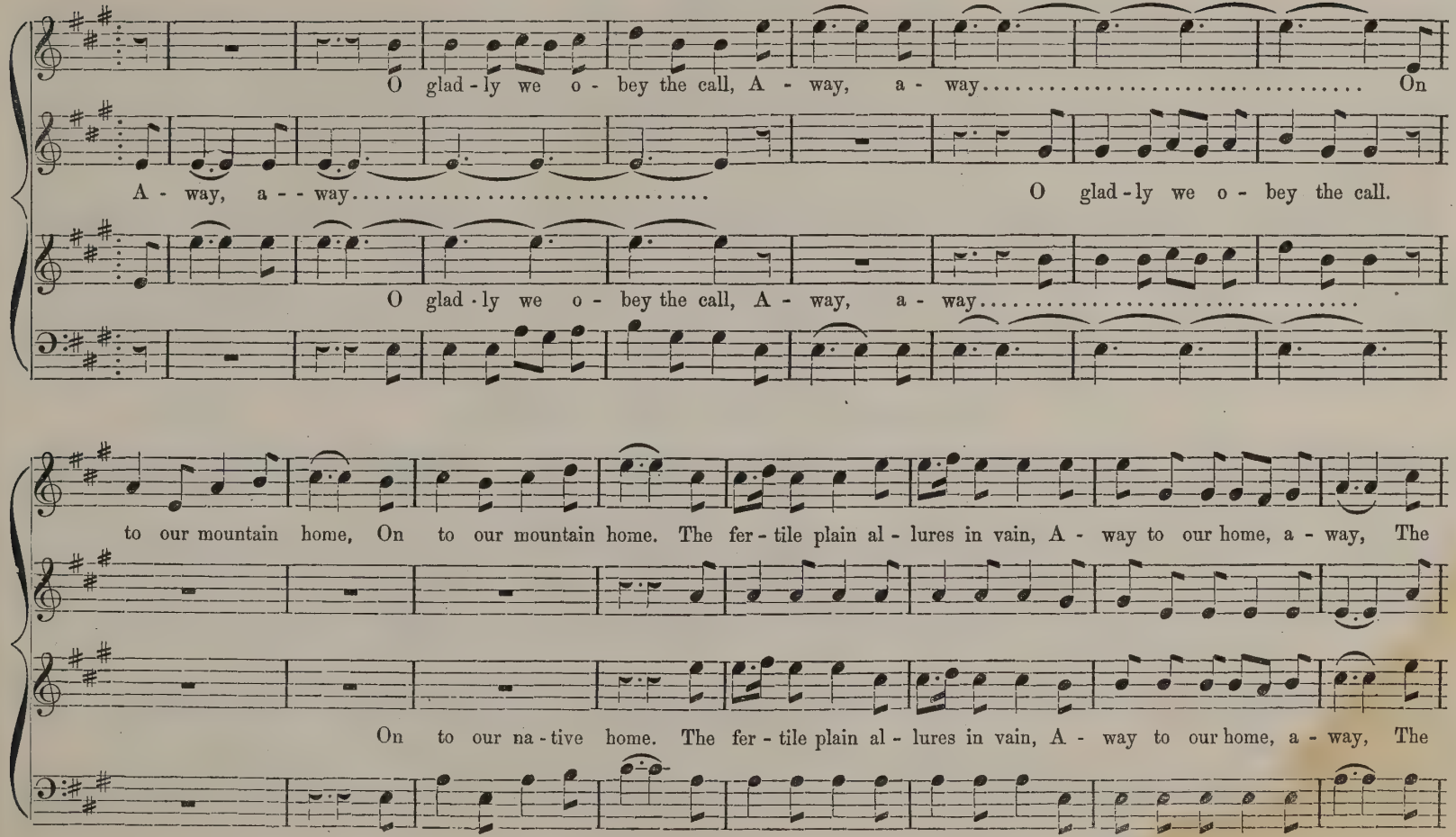

hap - - pi - er, But hap-pier is the man who wields The migh-ty pow'r of song. To him all souls glad homage yield, And
hap - - pi - er, But hap-pier he who east and west Doth troll his wealth of sound. His tho'ts with-in no frame comprest, But
bless his numbers strong, Who, when he sweeps the sounding string, O'er human hearts doth reign as king, And ev'-ry, ev'-ry son of earth, Can
span the glad earth round, Who, when he sweeps the sounding string, O'er human hearts doth reign as king, And ev'-ry, ev'-ry son of earth, Can


move to woe or mirth; And if the pomp of earth-ly pow'r, His hand may not con - trol, His realm no earth-ly king may share, The
move to woe or mirth; And if the pomp of earth-ly pow'r, His hand may not con - trol, His realm no earth-ly king may share, The
em - pire of the soul. His realm no earth - ly king may share, The em - pire of the soul, The em - pire of the soul.
em-pire of the soul. His realm no earth-ly king may share, The em-pire of the soul, The em - pire of the soul.

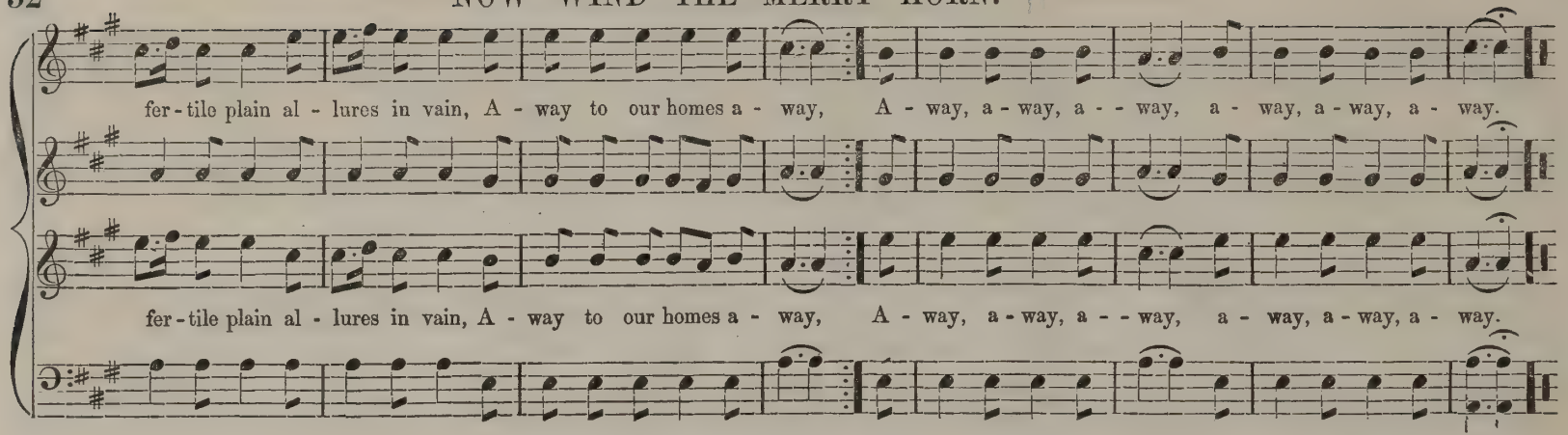
NOW WIND THE MERRY HORN.

WEBBE.



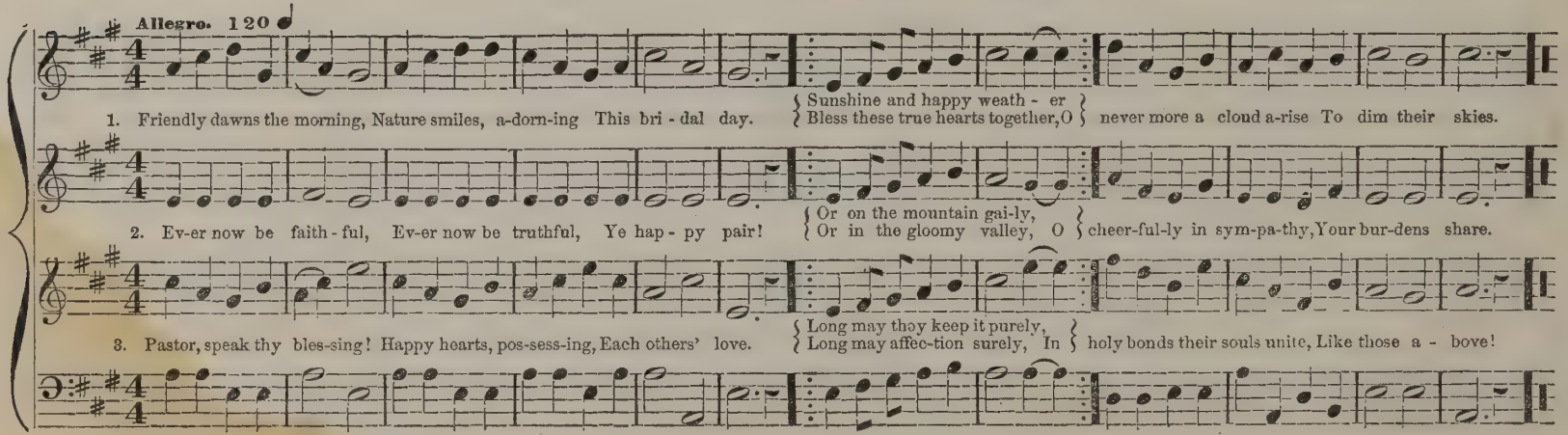

O glad - ly we o - bey the call, A - way, a - way..... On
A - way, a - - way..... O glad - ly we o - bey the call.
O glad - ly we o - bey the call, A - way, a - way.....
to our mountain home, On to our mountain home. The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A - way to our home, a - way, The
On to our na - tive home. The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A - way to our home, a - way, The

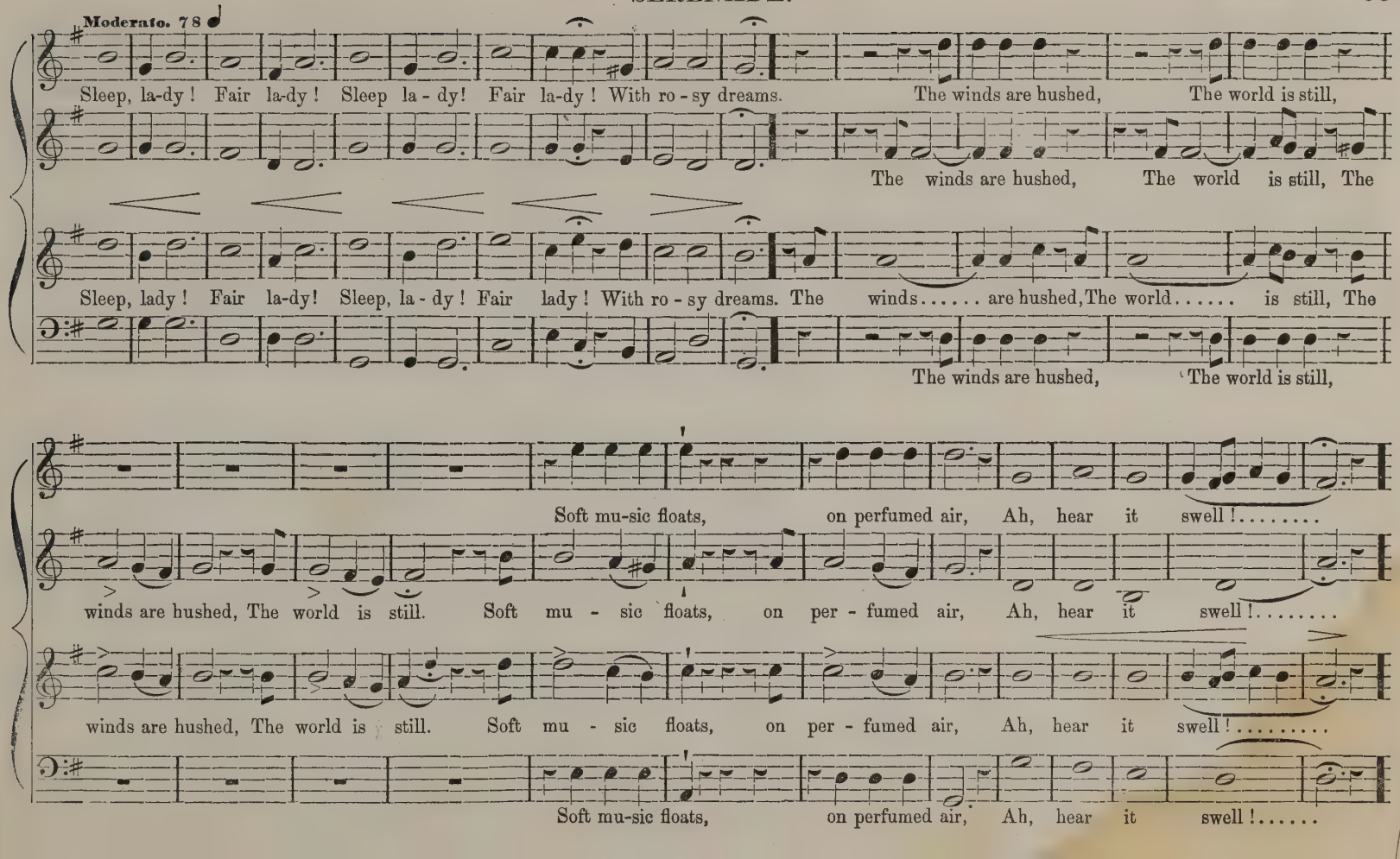
NOW WIND THE MERRY HORN. Concluded.



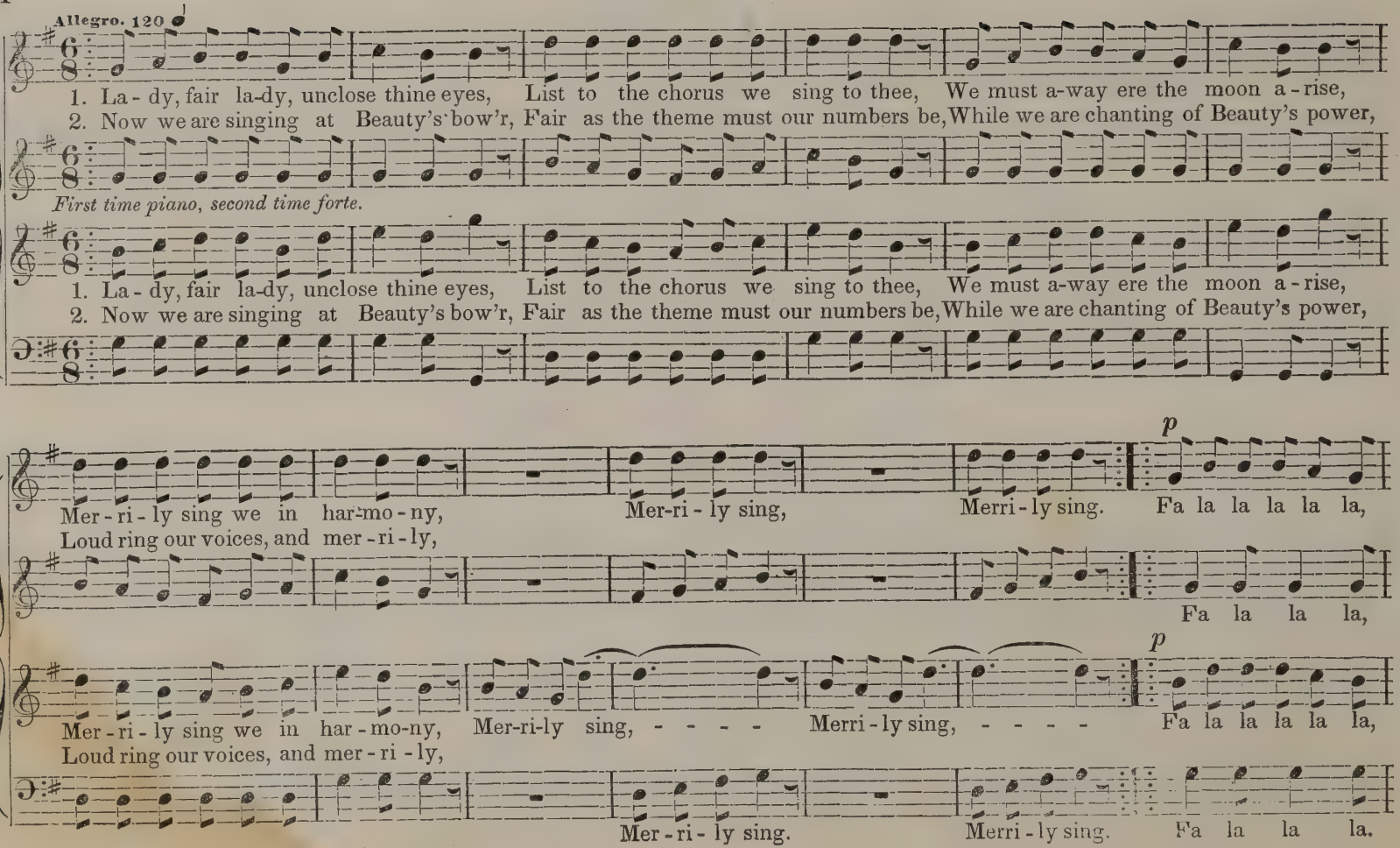
FRIENDLY DAWNS THE MORNING.

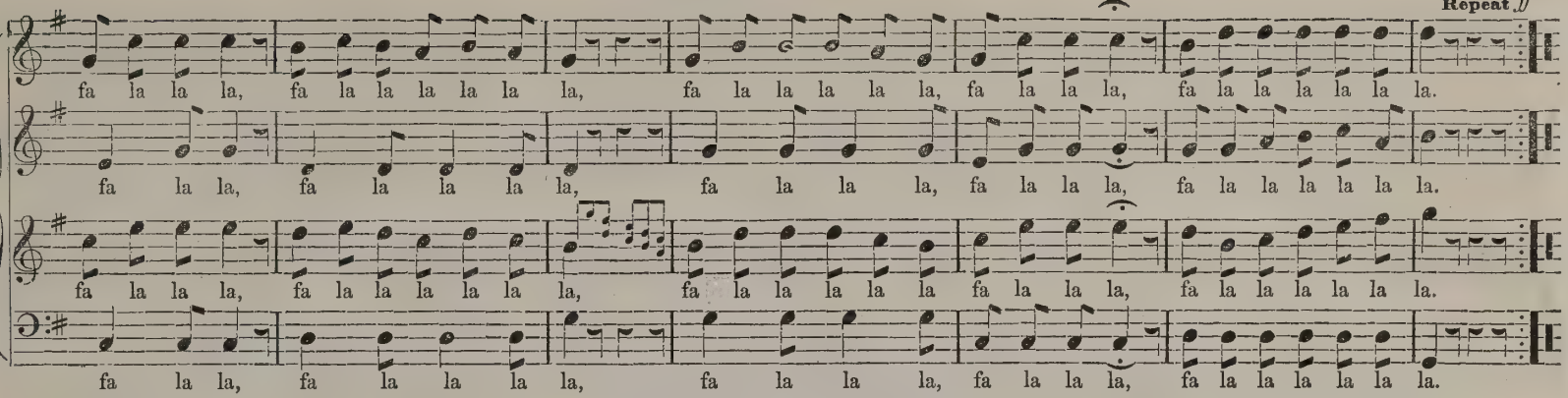
CHERUBINI.



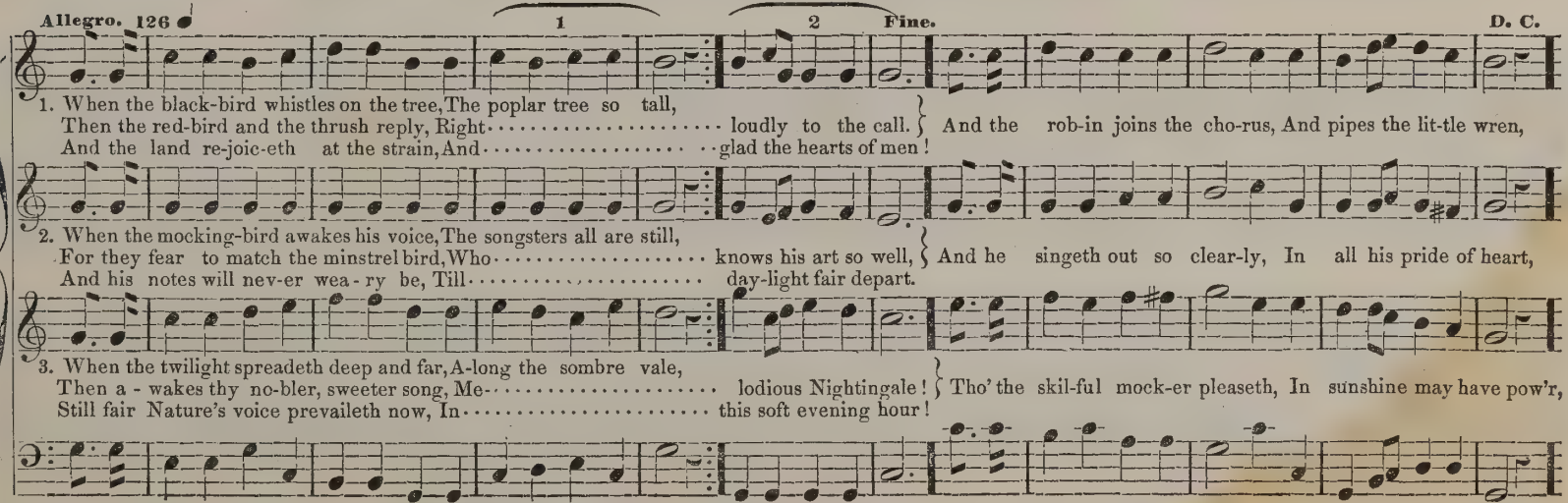

Moderato. 78
Sleep, la-dy ! Fair la-dy ! Sleep la - dy! Fair la-dy ! With ro - sy dreams. The winds are hushed, The world is still,
The winds are hushed, The world is still, The
Sleep, lady ! Fair la-dy! Sleep, la - dy ! Fair lady ! With ro - sy dreams. The winds..... are hushed, The world..... is still, The
The winds are hushed, The world is still,
Soft mu-sic floats, on perfumed air, Ah, hear it swell !.....
winds are hushed, The world is still. Soft mu - sic floats, on per - fumed air, Ah, hear it swell !.....
winds are hushed, The world is still. Soft mu - sic floats, on per - fumed air, Ah, hear it swell !.....
Soft mu-sic floats, on perfumed air, Ah, hear it swell !.....

SERENADE. Continued.



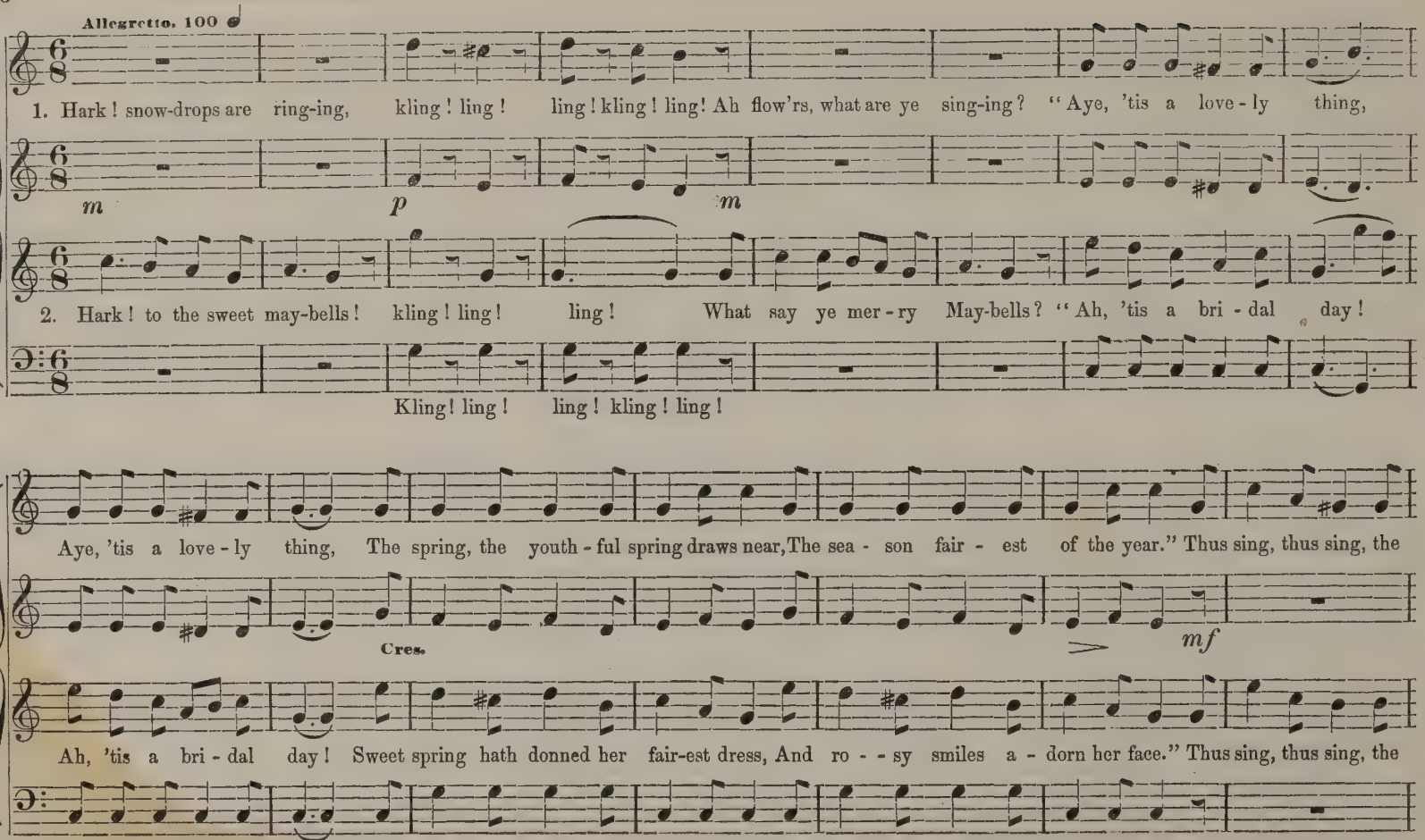


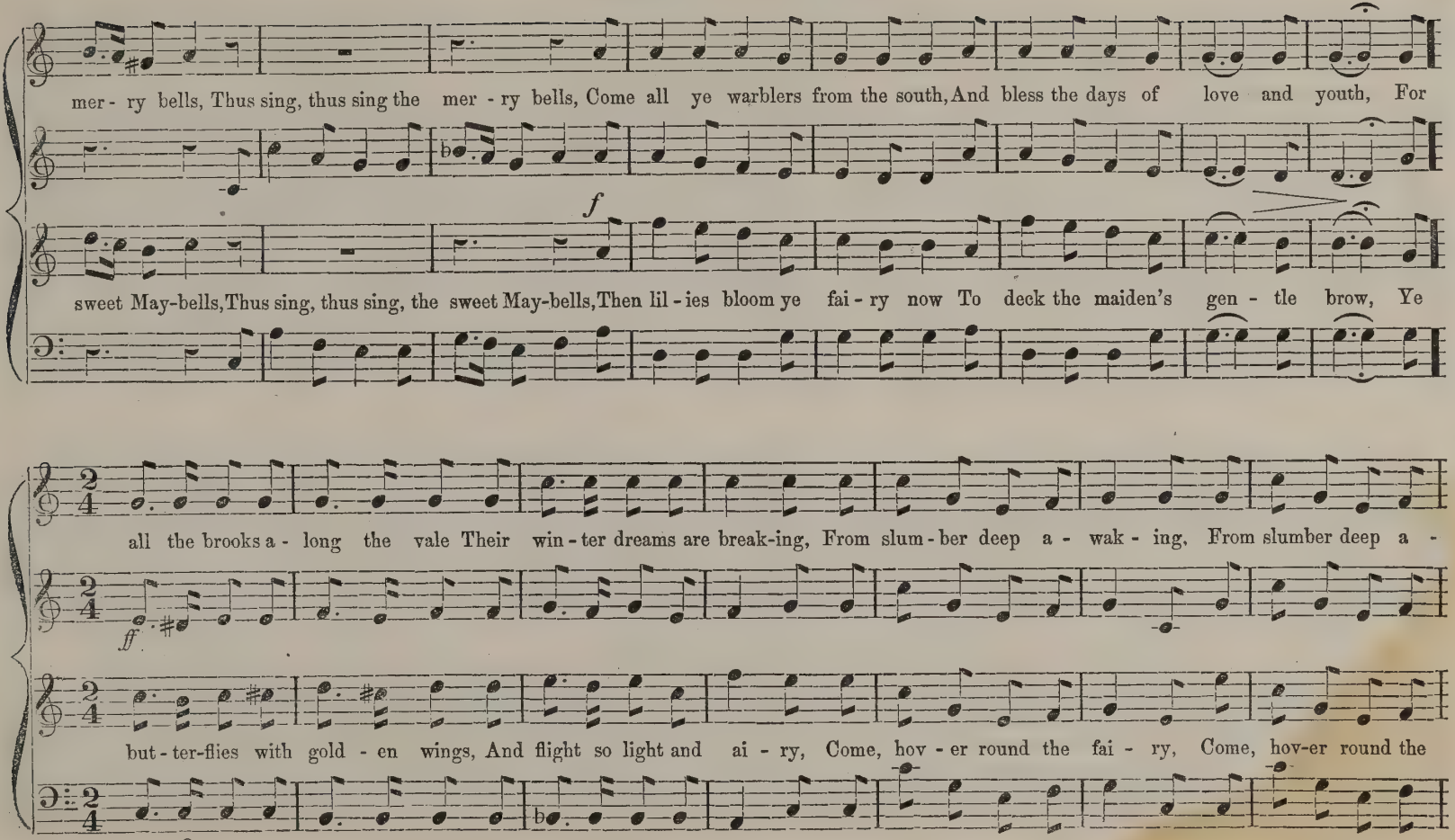
THE MOCKING BIRD.

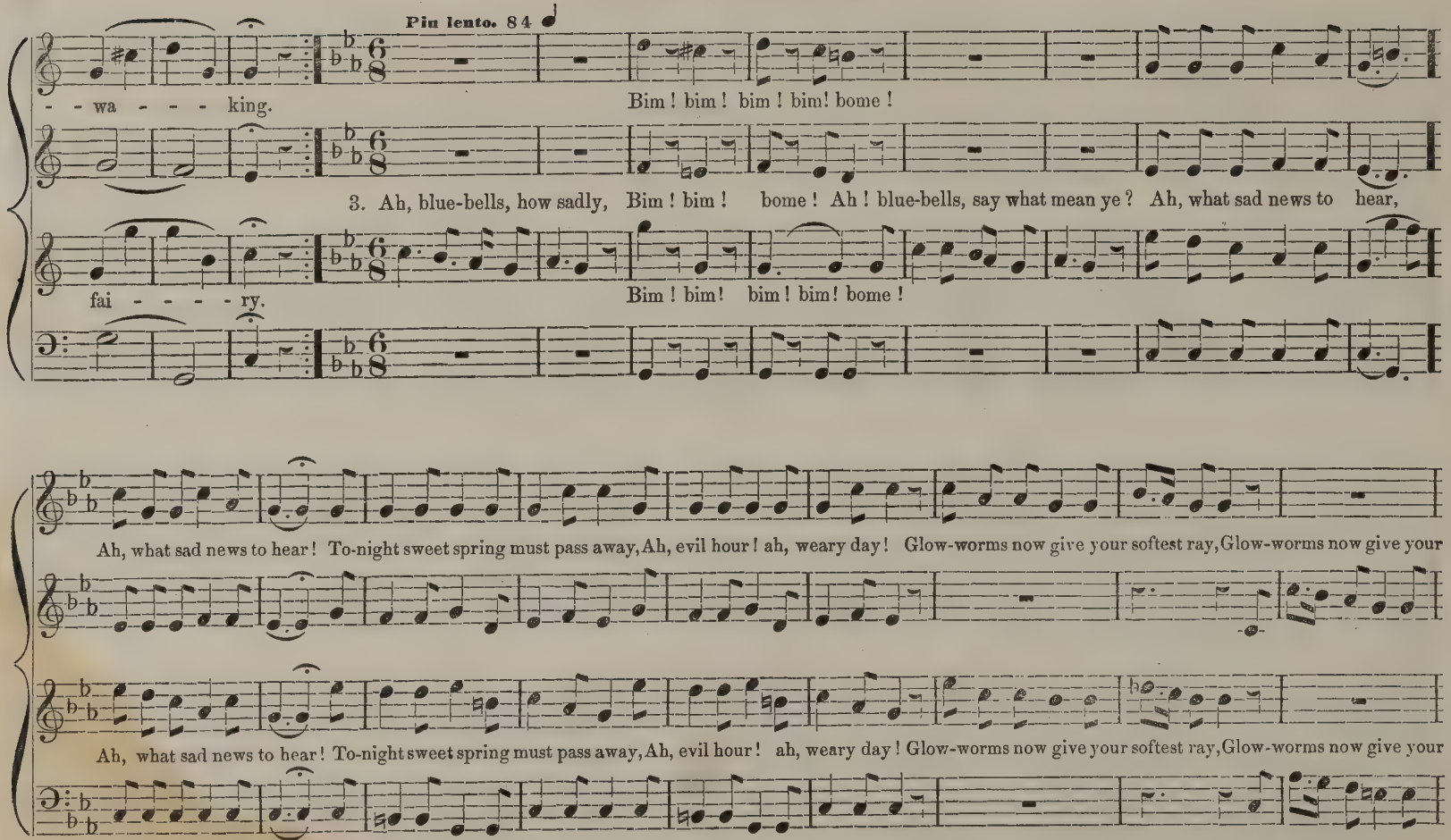


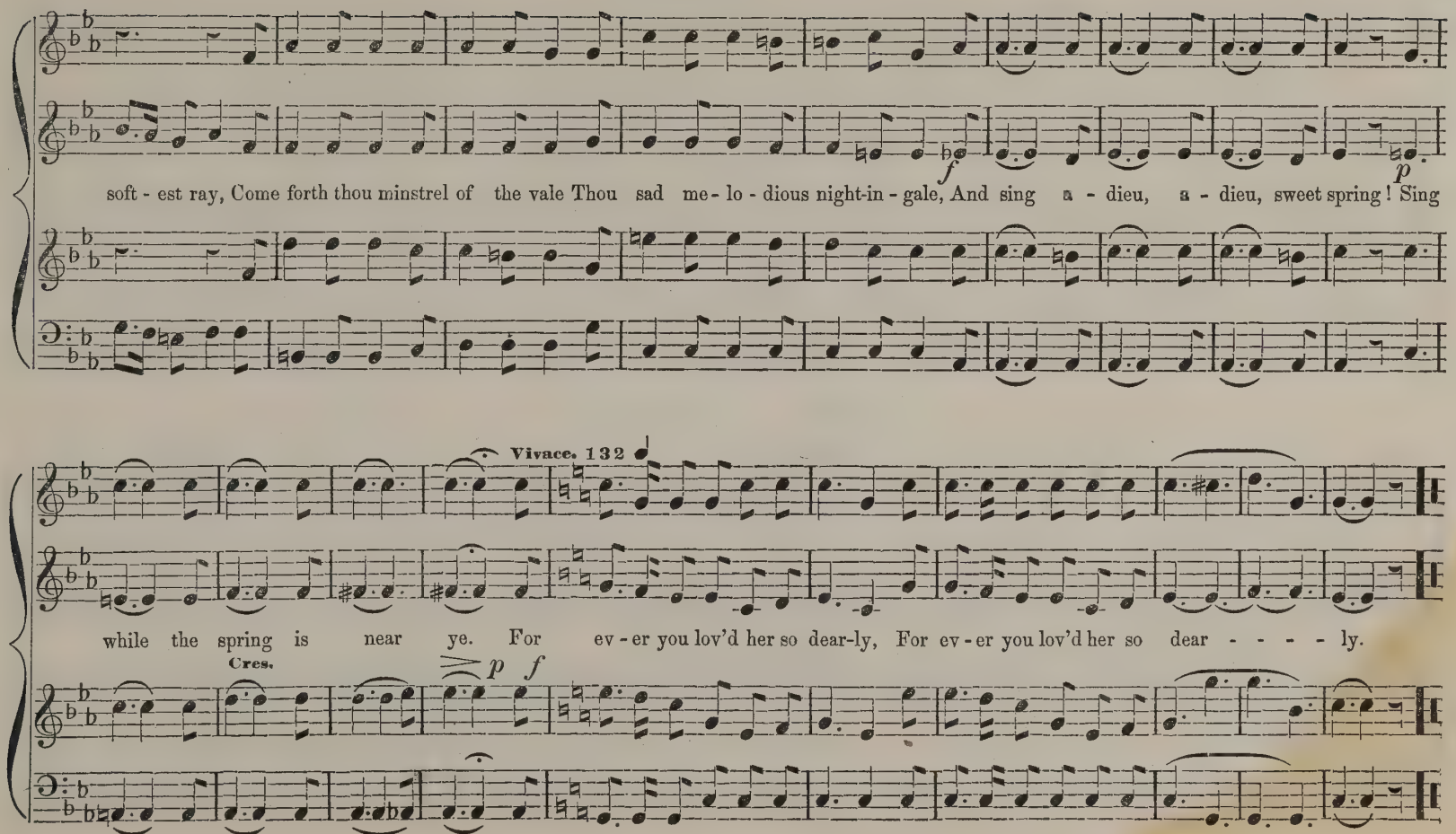
SPRING.

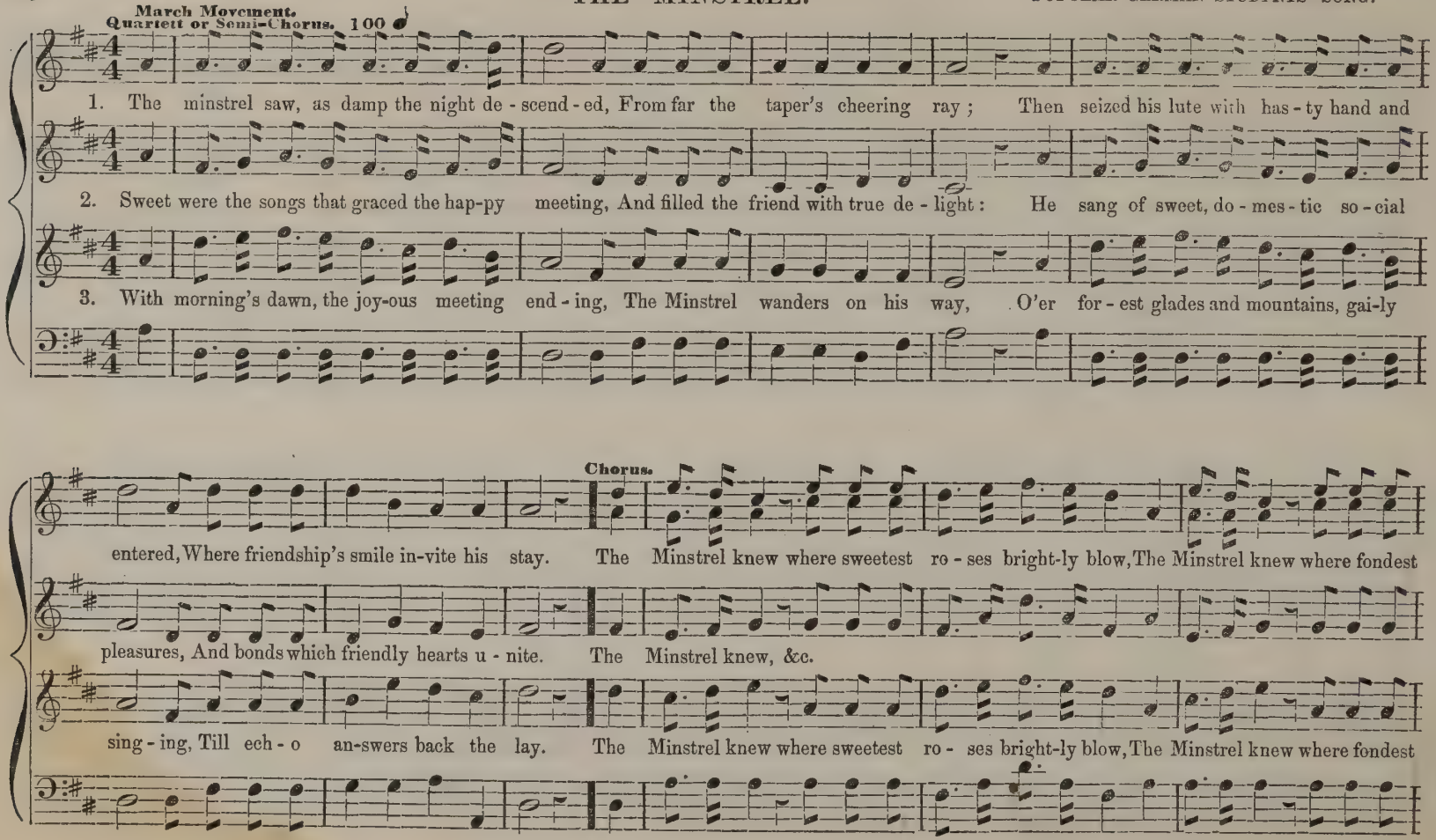
V. LACHNER.

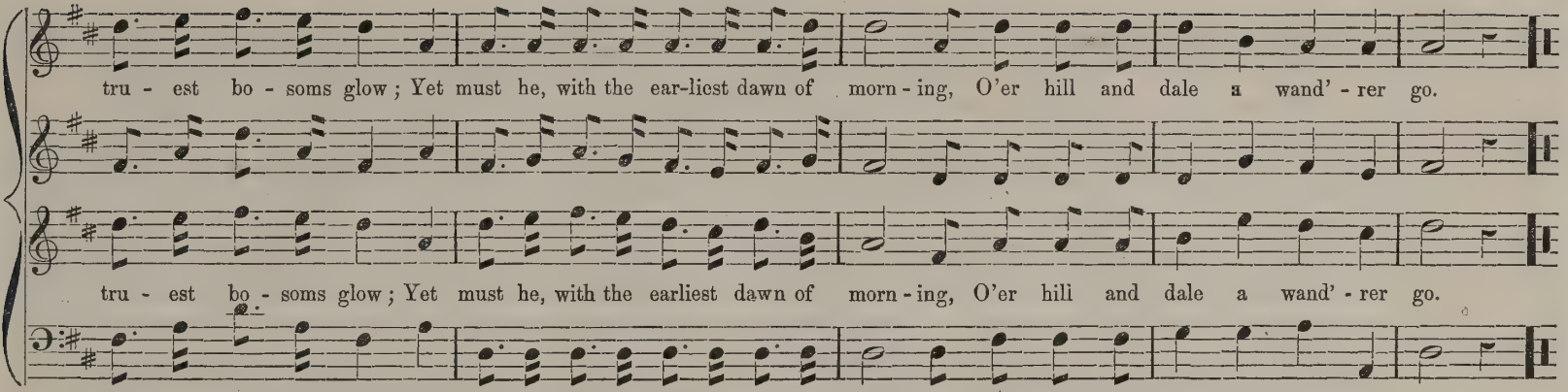



mer - ry bells, Thus sing, thus sing the mer - ry bells, Come all ye warblers from the south, And bless the days of love and youth, For
f
sweet May-bells, Thus sing, thus sing, the sweet May-bells, Then lil - ies bloom ye fai - ry now To deck the maiden's gen - tle brow, Ye
all the brooks a - long the vale Their win - ter dreams are break-ing, From slum - ber deep a - wak - ing, From slumber deep a -
ff
but - ter-flies with gold - en wings, And flight so light and ai - ry, Come, hov - er round the fai - ry, Come, hov-er round the


Più lento. 84
- - wa - - - king.
Bim ! bim ! bim ! bim! bome !
3. Ah, blue-bells, how sadly, Bim ! bim ! bome ! Ah ! blue-bells, say what mean ye ? Ah, what sad news to hear,
fai - - - - ry.
Bim ! bim! bim ! bim! bome !
Ah, what sad news to hear ! To-night sweet spring must pass away, Ah, evil hour ! ah, weary day ! Glow-worms now give your softest ray, Glow-worms now give your
Ah, what sad news to hear ! To-night sweet spring must pass away, Ah, evil hour ! ah, weary day ! Glow-worms now give your softest ray, Glow-worms now give your


soft - est ray, Come forth thou minstrel of the vale Thou sad me - lo - dious night-in - gale, And sing a - dieu, a - dieu, sweet spring! Sing
f
p
Vivace. 132
while the spring is near ye. For ev - er you lov'd her so dear-ly, For ev - er you lov'd her so dear - - - - ly.
Cres.
p
f

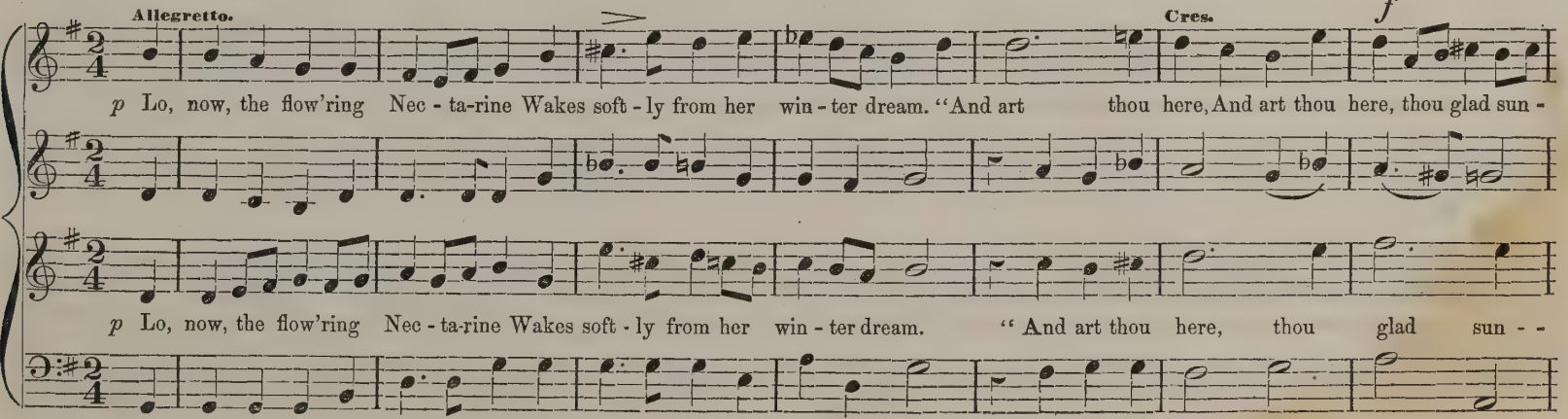

March Movement.
Quartett or Semi-Chorus. 100
1. The minstrel saw, as damp the night de - scend - ed, From far the taper's cheering ray; Then seized his lute with has - ty hand and
2. Sweet were the songs that graced the hap-py meeting, And filled the friend with true de - light: He sang of sweet, do - mes - tic so - cial
3. With morning's dawn, the joy-ous meeting end - ing, The Minstrel wanders on his way, O'er for - est glades and mountains, gai-ly
Chorus.
entered, Where friendship's smile in-vite his stay. The Minstrel knew where sweetest ro - ses bright-ly blow, The Minstrel knew where fondest
pleasures, And bonds which friendly hearts u - nite. The Minstrel knew, &c.
sing - ing, Till ech - o an-swers back the lay. The Minstrel knew where sweetest ro - ses bright-ly blow, The Minstrel knew where fondest



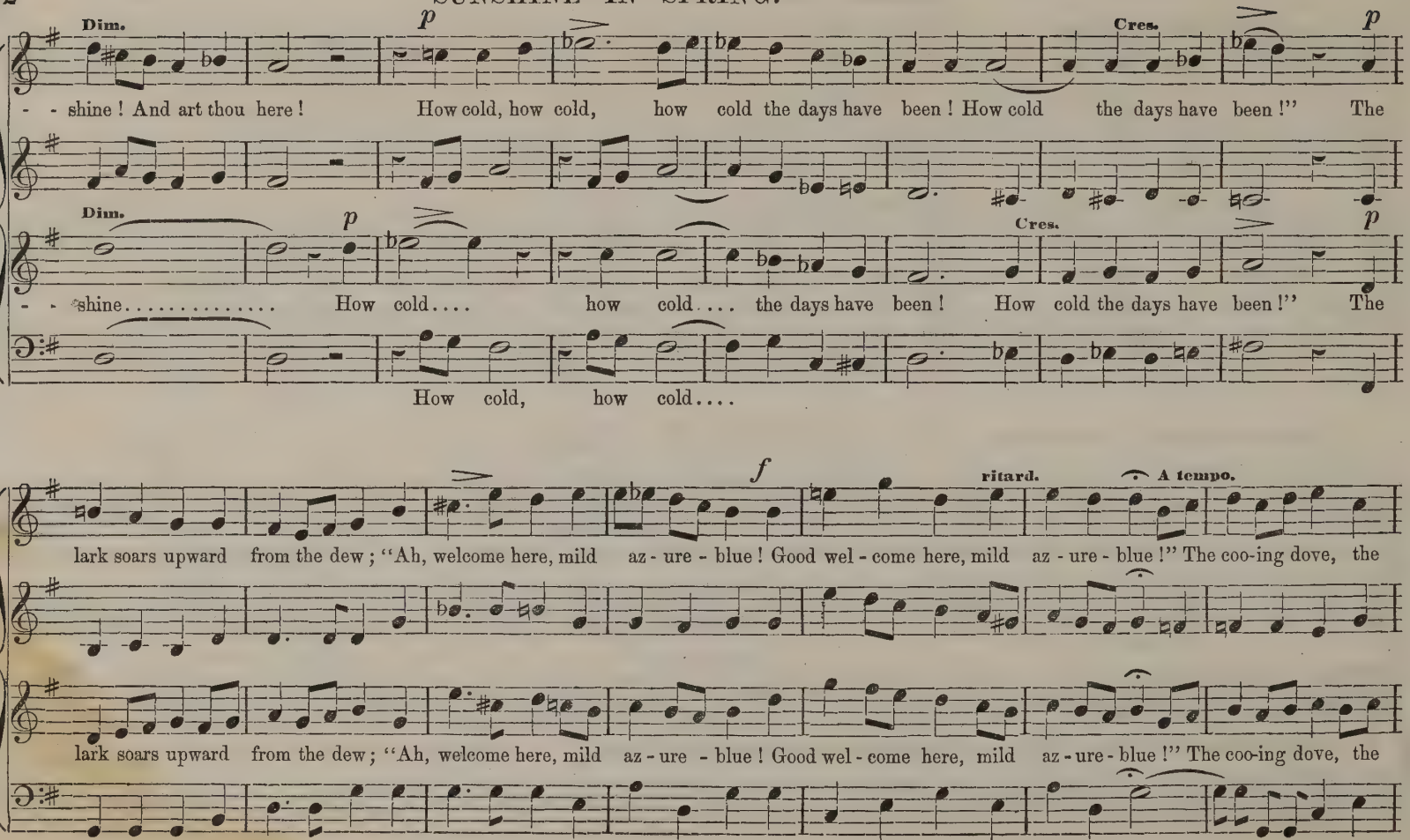
WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

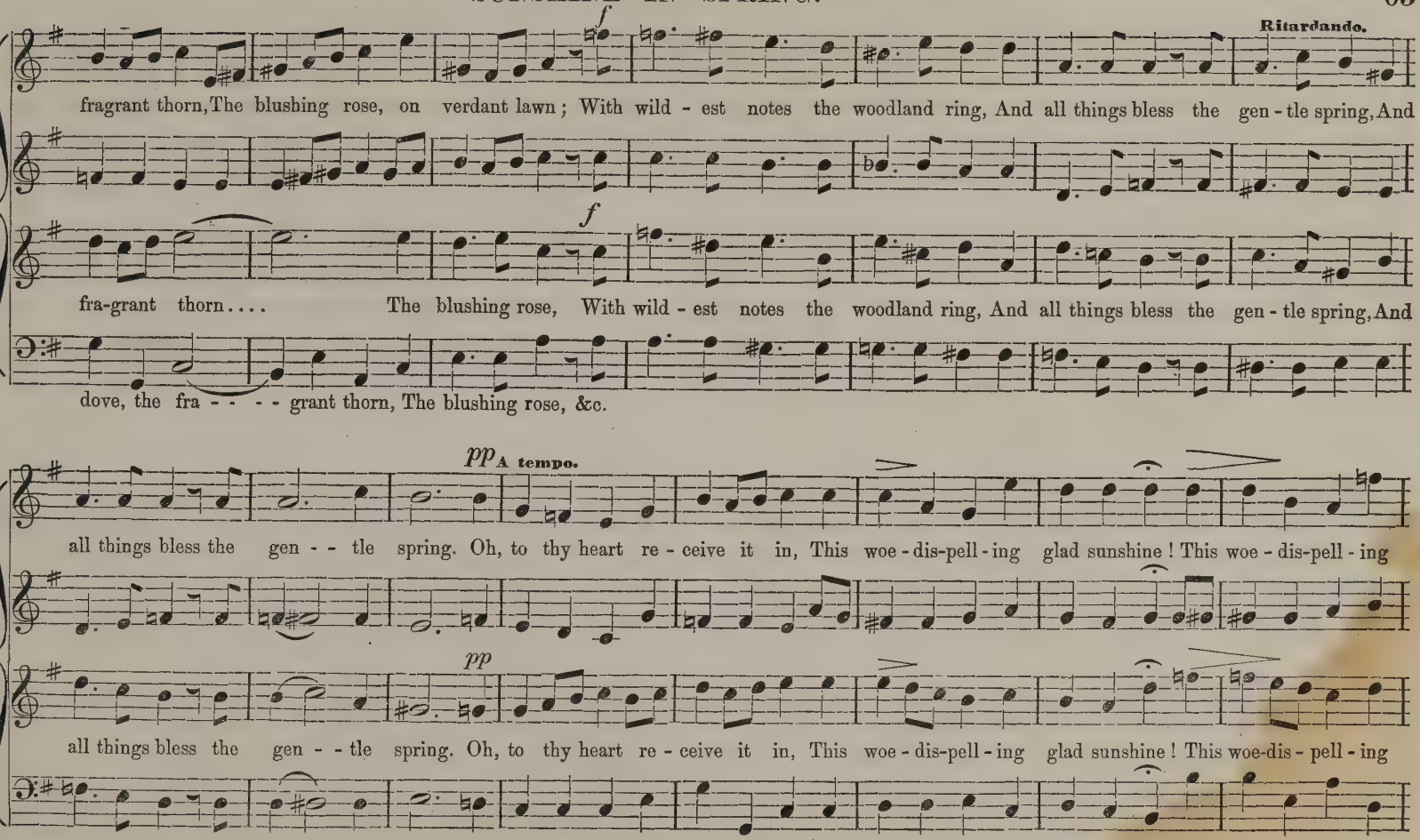
SUNSHINE IN SPRING.

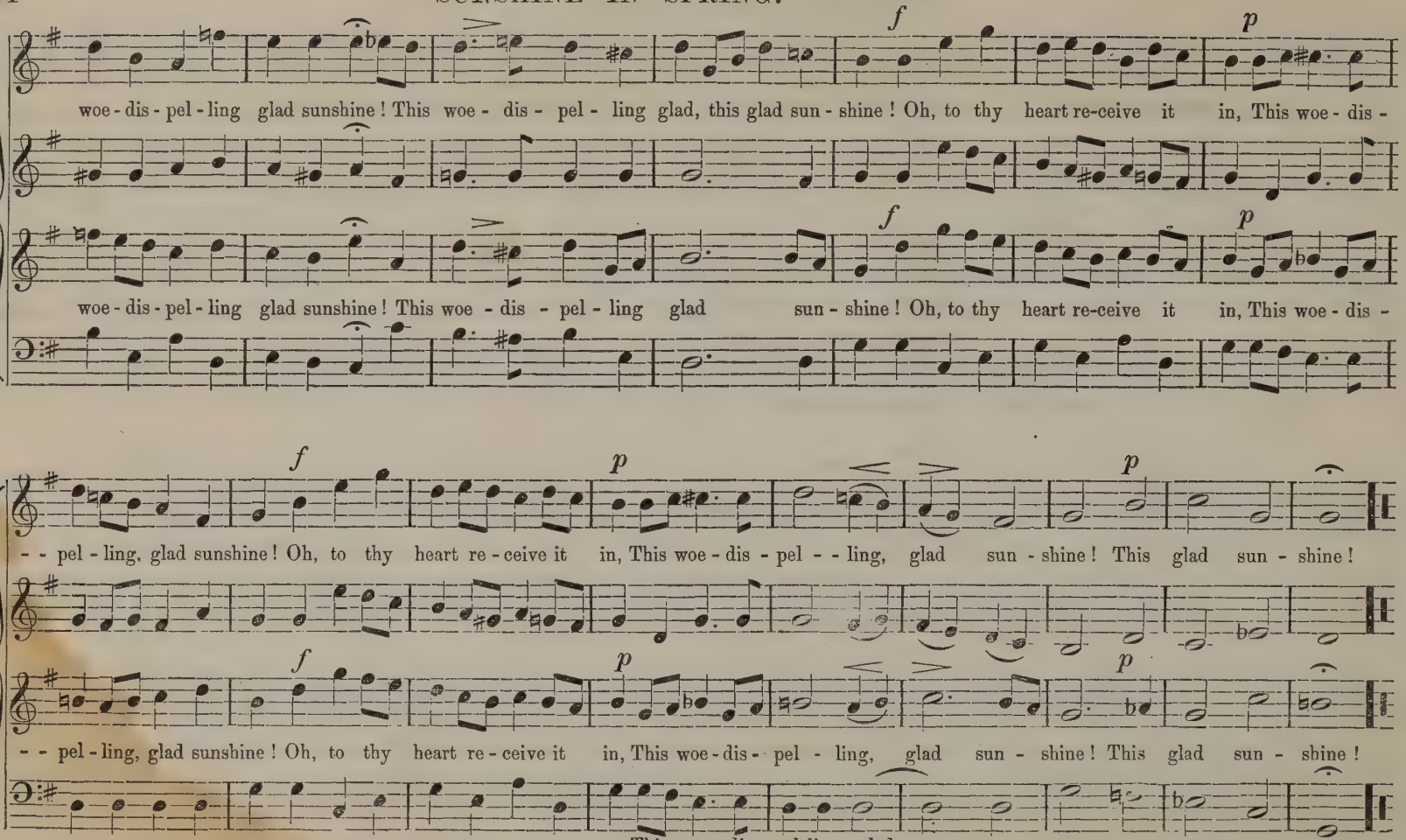
SPOHR.



SUNSHINE IN SPRING. Continued.




f
Ritardando.
fragrant thorn, The blushing rose, on verdant lawn; With wild - est notes the woodland ring, And all things bless the gen - tle spring, And
f
fra-grant thorn.... The blushing rose, With wild - est notes the woodland ring, And all things bless the gen - tle spring, And
dove, the fra - - - - grant thorn, The blushing rose, &c.
pp A tempo.
all things bless the gen - - tle spring. Oh, to thy heart re - ceive it in, This woe - dis-pell - ing glad sunshine! This woe - dis-pell - ing
pp
all things bless the gen - - tle spring. Oh, to thy heart re - ceive it in, This woe - dis-pell - ing glad sunshine! This woe-dis - pell - ing


f
p
woe - dis - pel - ling glad sunshine! This woe - dis - pel - ling glad, this glad sun - shine! Oh, to thy heart re-ceive it in, This woe - dis -
woe - dis - pel - ling glad sunshine! This woe - dis - pel - ling glad sun - shine! Oh, to thy heart re-ceive it in, This woe - dis -
- - pel - ling, glad sunshine! Oh, to thy heart re - ceive it in, This woe - dis - pel - - ling, glad sun - shine! This glad sun - shine!
- - pel - ling, glad sunshine! Oh, to thy heart re - ceive it in, This woe - dis - pel - ling, glad sun - shine! This glad sun - shine!
This woe - dis - pel-ling, glad....

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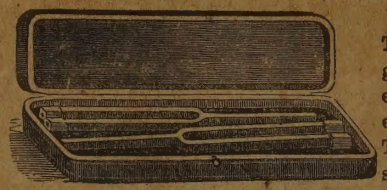

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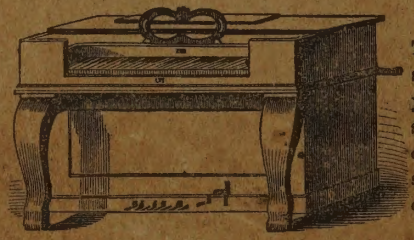

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